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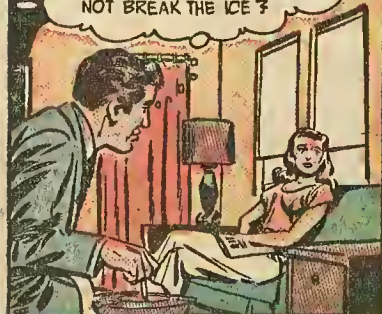
# THE PHANTOM SEEKER



**S**TRANGE FORCES ARE RELEASED WHEN DEATH STRIKES IN THE NIGHT...STRANGER AND MORE TERRIBLE THAN THE CRUNCH OF CRUMPLED STEEL AND THE ROAR OF SPURTING STEAM! SOMEWHERE IN THE SHATTERED WRECKAGE IS A FIGURE THAT CANNOT DIE... A SHAPE THAT STALKS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE AS THE PHANTOM SEEKER!

**L**ATE ONE NIGHT...IN THE CLUB CAR OF A TRAIN HURLING ACROSS THE COUNTRY-SIDE...

THAT CHICK'S BEEN LOOKING AROUND FOR A WHOLE HOUR, AS IF SHE'S EXPECTING SOMEONE... AND IT'S THE ONE THING THAT'S KEPT ME FROM SPEAKING TO HER! ON THE OTHER HAND, SHE SEEMS RATHER NERVOUS... SO WHY NOT BREAK THE ICE?



MY NAME'S TED WARREN, HONEY! I DON'T WANT TO HORN IN... BUT I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHETHER YOU'RE ALONE!



I'M MADGE DONALD! SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN MORE SOCIABLE, BUT I'VE HAD A TERRIBLE FEELING THAT YOU AND I **AREN'T ALONE... THAT THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS CAR WE CAN'T SEE!**

I SUPPOSE I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR FEELING JUMPY...WHEN THIS GHOST HYSTERIA SEEMS TO BE SWEEPING THE ENTIRE COUNTRY! BUT I'M AN OLD HAND AT THE SUPERNATURAL, MADGE... I MAKE MY LIVING WRITING ABOUT IT--AND THERE'S NO USE GETTING YOURSELF STEAMED UP ABOUT THINGS THAT **DON'T EXIST!**

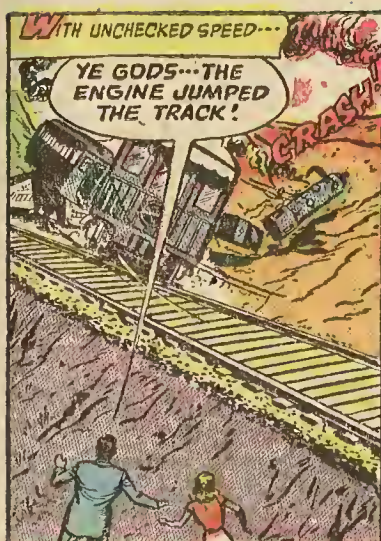


ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published monthly and copyright, 1951, by B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, New York. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. Re-entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Buffalo, New York, No. 26, December, 1951. Printed in U.S.A.



**UP** AHEAD, THE LOCOMOTIVE WAILS INTO THE NIGHT...AND IN THE NEXT THUDDING INSTANT...





**AS THE FIRST MUTED SCREAMS RISE FROM THE TANGLED STEEL---**

**NOW YOU KNOW WHY THAT FIEND WAS ON THE TRAIN! IT MEANS DEATH---EVERYWHERE IT SHOWS ITSELF!**

THERE'S NO USE THINKING ABOUT IT NOW! COME ON---WE'VE GOT TO HELP THE INJURED!



**TWO HOURS LATER---WITH THE LAST BROKEN FORM LIFTED FROM THE WRECK---**

I BLAME THE PHANTOM---BUT THESE DEATHS WERE JUST AS MUCH MY FAULT! WHY DIDN'T I PULL THE EMERGENCY CORD AND STOP THE TRAIN---THE MOMENT I FELT ITS PRESENCE?

HONEY, THAT KIND OF QUESTION CAN LEAD TO A BREAKDOWN! BUT IF YOU THINK YOUR CONSCIENCE NEEDS EASING---I KNOW WHAT CAN DO IT!



THERE'S NO DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT THE PHANTOM IS AROUND WHENEVER DEATH STRIKES ON A LARGE SCALE! MAYBE IT'S A CREATURE OF BOUNDLESS EVIL---MAYBE THERE'S **ANOTHER** REASON---BUT WHY BE TORMENTED BY DOUBT? SOME PEOPLE ARE **NATURALLY RECEPTIVE** TO SPIRITS, MADGE---AND YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!



GOOD HEAVENS! DO YOU MEAN YOU EXPECT ME TO SEE THAT HORRIBLE THING AGAIN---BECAUSE IT WILL BE SEEKING ME?

NO, HONEY---WE'RE GOING TO DO THE SEEKING! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE PHANTOM---AND LEARN WHAT'S BEHIND THESE TRYSTS WITH DEATH!



**THE FOLLOWING NIGHT---**

DON'T TELL ME YOU LIVE HERE, TED!

GOOD GOSH, NO! IT'S JUST A HOUSE THAT USED TO BE HAUNTED---AND SINCE IT ATTRACTED GHOSTS ONCE---I'M HOPING OUR PHANTOM CAN BE COAXED INTO APPEARING!



**Then---MOKED BY THE HOLLOW ECHO OF THEIR OWN FOOTSTEPS---**

TED---I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I CAN GO THROUGH WITH IT! **ANYTHING** CAN HAPPEN IN A PLACE LIKE THIS---AND ONCE WE SUMMON THE CREATURE---IT'LL BE TOO LATE TO ESCAPE!

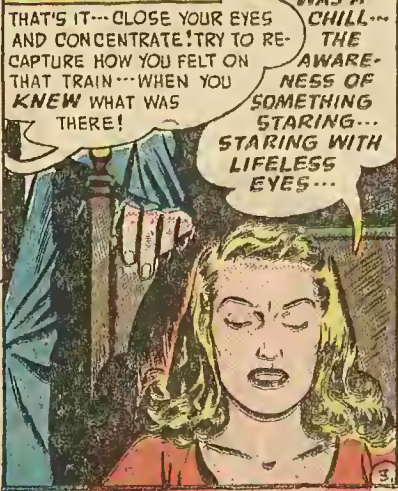
MAYBE WE ARE MEDDLING WITH SOMETHING TOO BIG TO HANDLE, MADGE---BUT AFTER WHAT WE'VE GONE THROUGH ALREADY---WE CAN'T BACK OUT!



**A MOMENT LATER---**

THAT'S IT---CLOSE YOUR EYES AND CONCENTRATE! TRY TO RE-CAPTURE HOW YOU FELT ON THAT TRAIN---WHEN YOU KNEW WHAT WAS THERE!

THERE WAS A CHILL---THE AWARENESS OF SOMETHING STARING... STARING WITH LIFELESS EYES...





IT'S HIDEOUS--  
IT'S LIKE A CURSE  
WAITING TO  
STRIKE!



EASY, SWEETHEART  
--DON'T LET YOUR-  
SELF BE CARRIED  
AWAY BY A MERE  
RECOLLECTION!

BUT IT'S HERE!  
I SEE IT--  
BEHIND  
YOU!



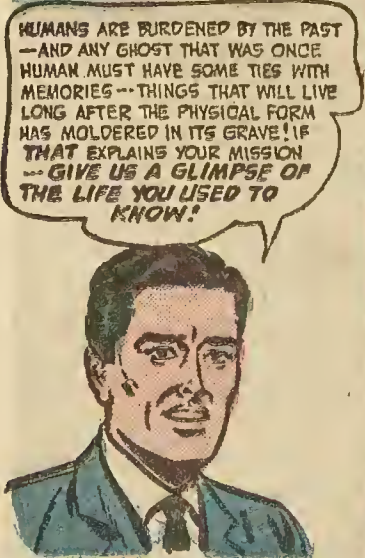
WITH THE CHILLING FEATURES LIKE A SPOON OF EVIL IN  
THE DARKNESS--

IF IT CAME--YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO EXPECT! LET'S  
GET OUT OF HERE--  
WHILE WE'RE  
STILL ALIVE!

WAIT! MAYBE THIS TIME  
IT ISN'T A SIGN OF  
DOOM--MAYBE IT  
KNOWS WE HAD A  
REASON FOR BRING-  
ING IT FORTH!



WE SUMMONED YOU BECAUSE WE  
THINK THAT IN SOME WAY--WE CAN  
HELP! IF YOU UNDERSTAND--  
RAISE YOUR ARM!



HUMANS ARE BURDENED BY THE PAST  
--AND ANY GHOST THAT WAS ONCE  
HUMAN MUST HAVE SOME TIES WITH  
MEMORIES--THINGS THAT WILL LIVE  
LONG AFTER THE PHYSICAL FORM  
HAS MOLOERED IN ITS GRAVE! IF  
THAT EXPLAINS YOUR MISSION  
--GIVE US A GLIMPSE OF  
THE LIFE YOU USED TO  
KNOW!



AS A WEIRD AMBER LIGHT BREAKS  
AROUND THE PHANTOM--

IT'S CHANGING,  
TED--AND HEAVEN  
KNOWS INTO  
WHAT!

KEEP YOUR HEAD!  
WE MAY BE DUE  
FOR A JOLTING  
SURPRISE--BUT  
AT LEAST IT'LL  
BE MORE NEARLY  
HUMAN!



IN THE SPACE OF  
SECONDS--

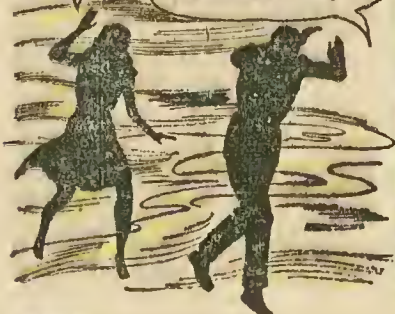
NOTICE THAT COSTUME?  
THAT'S THE WAY HE  
USED TO BE--  
OVER A  
HUNDRED  
YEARS  
AGO!

OLIVIA--  
OLIVIA! MY  
GOD, WHY DID  
IT HAVE TO  
HAPPEN--  
WHY?

**SLOWLY THE WALLS...THE VERY ROOM...  
...RECEDE AS THE PRESENT MERGES  
WITH THE SPECTRAL PAST!**

**TED...WHAT'S  
HAPPENING TO  
US? WHERE  
ARE WE  
GOING?**

**I ASKED THE GHOST  
FOR A GLIMPSE INTO  
HIS LIFE! IT MAY HOLD  
A NEW TOUCH OF  
HORROR, HONEY...  
BUT THAT'S WHAT  
WE'RE GETTING!**



**AS THE NIGHT MIST LIFTS OVER A  
LONELY ROAD...**

**SOMEHOW, THIS  
SCENE SEEMS  
VAGUELY FAMILIAR  
...BUT WHERE'S  
THE GHOST?**

**HE JUST PASSED  
THROUGH THAT  
GROVE OF CYPRESSES!  
HE'S OPENING A  
GATE, TED...  
THE GATE OF  
A CEMETERY!**



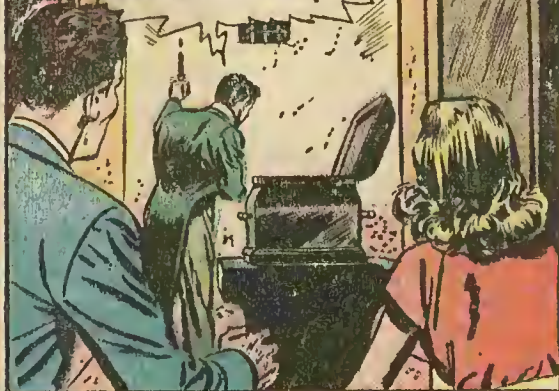
**A MOMENT LATER...**

**OLIVIA!  
OLIVIA!**

**WE ASKED FOR  
IT, MARGE! COME  
ON... THERE'S  
NO SENSE IN  
BEING AFRAID  
AT THIS  
STAGE!**



**I NEVER THOUGHT ANYONE WOULD KNOW  
HOW MUCH I LOVED YOU, OLIVIA... BUT  
DEATH KNEW! DEATH KNEW...OR IT  
WOULD NOT HAVE TAKEN YOU FROM  
ME... TWO DAYS BEFORE  
OUR MARRIAGE!**

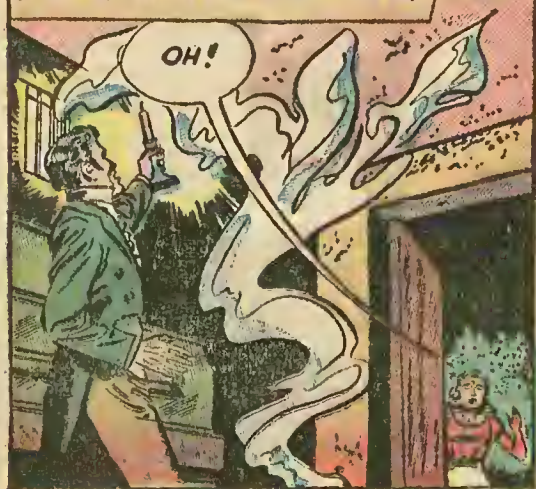


**WITH THE SPECTRAL FACE LIT BY THE FLICKERING  
ETERNITY OF A GHOSTLY CANDLE...**

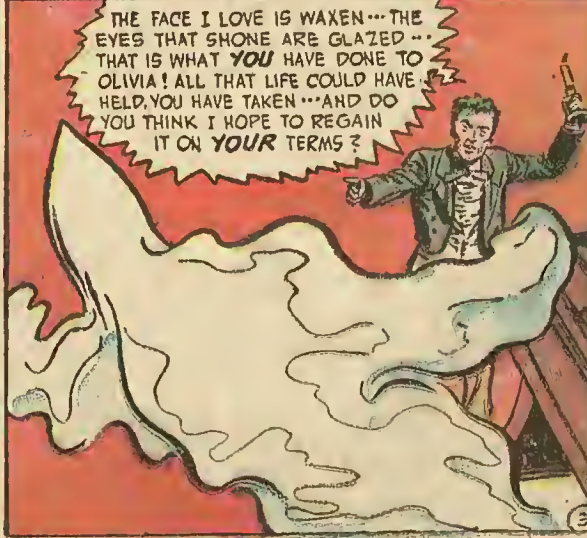
**DEATH! YOU FOUL, YOU GRISLY DE-  
STROYER...CAN YOU HEAR ME? DEATH,  
THIS IS YOUR REALM...THIS IS YOUR  
VICTIM... SHOW YOURSELF!**



**SOMETHING STIRS IN THE WEAVING SHADOWS...A MIST  
BEYOND SEEING... A CHILL BEYOND FEELING!**



**THE FACE I LOVE IS WAXEN...THE  
EYES THAT SHONE ARE GLAZED...  
THAT IS WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO  
OLIVIA! ALL THAT LIFE COULD HAVE  
HELD, YOU HAVE TAKEN...AND DO  
YOU THINK I HOPE TO REGAIN  
IT ON YOUR TERMS?**





DO YOU THINK I WILL EVER SURRENDER MYSELF TO YOU... SO THAT I CAN LOVE OLIVIA IN YOUR GREY HEREAFTER? I CURSE YOU, DEATH... I REJECT YOU... **FOREVER!**



OLIVIA, BELOVED---FAREWELL! YOU WILL NEVER LIVE...**AND I WILL NEVER DIE!**



LIKE HALTING WORDS TRAIL OFF LIKE RECEDING FOOTSTEPS...AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

**CR-RAK!**

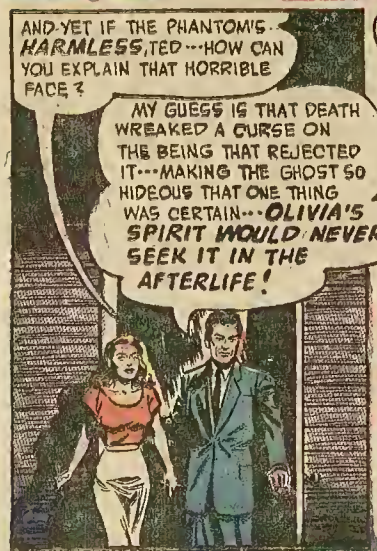


WE'RE BACK, TED... **AND THE PHANTOM'S GONE!**

YEP! AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED...A LOT OF WRONG IDEAS ARE GONE, TOO! CAN'T YOU SEE **NOW** WHY THE GHOST LURKS WHEREVER DISASTER IS ABOUT TO STRIKE?



AFTER BEING LOST IN A MAZE OF ENDLESS MIDNIGHTS, IT'S SEEKING DEATH...**THE DEATH IT REJECTED!** IT HAS THE DESPERATE HOPE THAT BY BEING ON THE SCENE WHEN SO MANY LIVES COME TO AN END...IT WILL MANAGE TO SLIP THROUGH THE GATES OF OBLIVION UNNOTICED!



AND YET IF THE PHANTOM'S HARMLESS, TED...HOW CAN YOU EXPLAIN THAT HORRIBLE FACE?

MY GUESS IS THAT DEATH WREAKED A CURSE ON THE BEING THAT REJECTED IT...MAKING THE GHOST SO HIDEOUS THAT ONE THING WAS CERTAIN...**OLIVIA'S SPIRIT WOULD NEVER SEEK IT IN THE AFTERLIFE!**



IT'S A TERRIBLE FATE, TED! I WISH THERE WAS **SOME** WAY THE GHOST COULD FIND PEACE!

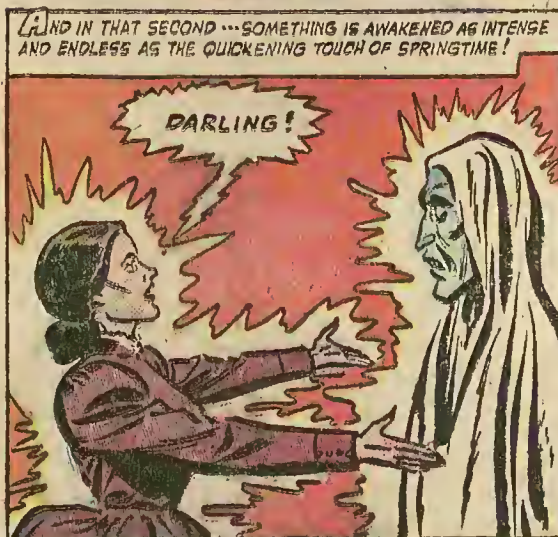
I WAS WONDERING! HUMANS FEAR IT... DEATH HAS SPURNED IT... **BUT WHAT ABOUT OLIVIA?**



BUT SHE'S NOTHING BUT A **NAME** TO US, TED! THERE'S NO WAY TO FIND THE MEREST TRACE OF HER...**NOT EVER HER GRAVE!**

REMEMBER PASSING A HIGH CRAG IN THAT GHOSTLY LANDSCAPE? THAT WAS **LOOKOUT ROCK**...AND WHILE THE CHANGES OF TIME HAVE TOUCHED THE ENTIRE AREA...**THERE'S WHERE WE'LL FIND OLIVIA'S TOMB!**







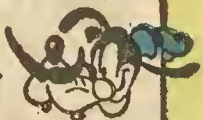
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# WHEATIES



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# The GHOST TRAIN

“THIS IS IT,” Betty said, “the old unused railroad spur that the ghost train runs on!”

Clyde looked around at the knee-high grasses in the narrow mountain draw, and said scornfully, “I don’t see any rails or cross-ties around here...I suppose you’re going to tell me that the tracks are ghost-tracks, too!”

“Oh, no, the tracks are real, all right,” Betty said, kneeling down and parting the grasses with her hands. “But they haven’t been used for so many years that the grass and weeds have grown high enough to hide them completely. There...see them now?”

Clyde bent down and examined the rusty rails and the ancient, decaying cross-ties at his feet. “Well, it’s an old railroad spur, all right,” he said finally, “but it’s easy to see that no *real* train has passed over these tracks in years! And since there *couldn’t* be any such thing as a ghost train, then that train you say passes here each Wednesday evening must be a mere figment of your imagination!”

Betty stood up, shaking her head angrily. “But I tell you, it is a ghost-train...the ghost of old Number 466, that was wrecked on a Wednesday evening some twenty years ago. After the wreck, the railroad decided that the sharp hair-pin curve just up the mountain was too dangerous for fast locomotives, so they abandoned this spur and built another one that cuts through the mountain twelve miles away. But old Number 466 still comes through here each Wednesday evening at 7:10...all the local people in this part of Montana know about it and take it for granted by this time.”

“What nonsense!” Clyde said angrily. “I will not have my future bride believing in such ridiculous superstitions!”

Betty tried hard to repress a shudder at his words. She despised Clyde Wallingford, loathed the very thought of becoming his wife. But Clyde was a rich Easterner,

and the moment Betty had met him at a nearby dude ranch owned by a friend of her father’s, she knew that Clyde was the answer to all her financial worries. Last year’s disastrous snow-storms had almost wiped out her father’s entire herd of sheep...and her father had even begun to talk wildly about committing suicide so that Betty would collect enough from his insurance to pay off the debts on the sheep-ranch that was their only source of income.

So, Betty had played up to wealthy Clyde...and had agreed to marry him if he would pay off the mortgage on the sheep-ranch. It was about the only way she knew of to prevent her father from committing suicide...and when Clyde had paid the mortgage off, she knew that she would have to go through with the bargain, no matter how much it ruined her life.

With an effort, Betty came out of her reverie now and forced herself to listen to her future husband’s words. “And since today’s Wednesday, and it’s almost 7:10,” Clyde was saying, “I’ll prove to you that that ghost-train doesn’t exist...by standing right on the tracks and waiting for it!”

“Oh, no, Clyde!” Betty gasped in dismay. “You’d better come up on the cliff with me and watch it from there!”

“You go on...I’m staying here!”

Betty took one look at the fatuous, condescending smile on his face...and began grimly climbing the cliff. Moments later, a faint, ghostly whistle sounded on the mountain air. Betty turned to see Clyde standing in a paralysis of fear on the tracks as the ghost-train roared toward him...and then she saw the ghost of old Number 466 crash into him and send his shattered body spinning thirty feet into the air...and over the side of the mountain cliff.



FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, PEOPLE HAVE THRILLED TO THE SUPERNATURAL--TO TALES OF STRANGE SPECTERS WHO HAVE HAUNTED COUNTLESS MIDNIGHTS! BUT HERE'S SOMETHING NEW--SOMETHING DIFFERENT! IT'S THE STORY OF ONE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING SPIRITS EVER TO EMERGE FROM THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN--THE HOLLAND HAUNT!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE HAND OF FATE, THAT LETTER WHICH FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH PETER VAN NOSTRAND IN LONDON--

IT'S FROM MY UNCLE HENDRIK IN NEW YORK, BRIAN--AND IT'S BEEN CHASING ME ALL OVER THE MAP AND GOOD GRIEF--IT'S POSTMARKED OVER SIX MONTHS AGO!

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR NEVER PUTTING IN ONE PLACE, PETE!

HMMM...MAYBE I'LL START SETTLING DOWN NOW! MY UNCLE'S GETTING OLD AND WANTS ME TO COME HOME--SEEMS ANXIOUS TO GET ME ABOUT SOMETHING! I'LL WRITE HIM THAT I'M ON MY WAY!

BACK HOME--OVER THE ROUGH OCEAN! PETE COULDN'T EXPLAIN THE STRANGE PREMONITION OF IMPENDING DISASTER WHICH HAUNTED HIM--

I CAN'T SHAKE OFF THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE'S HAPPENED--AND THAT THERE'S MORE TO COME! I'LL BE A RELIEF TO SEE UNCLE HENDRIK AT THE PIER!



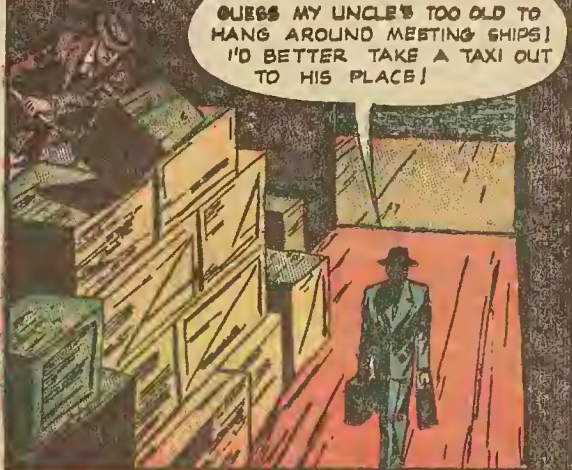
**B**UT THERE WAS NO UNCLE HENDRIK TO GREET HIM!

THAT'S HIM--I RECOGNIZE HIM FROM HIS PICTURE! YOU HEAD FOR THE HOUSE, ANNA--I'LL TAKE CARE OF DEAR COUSIN PETER!



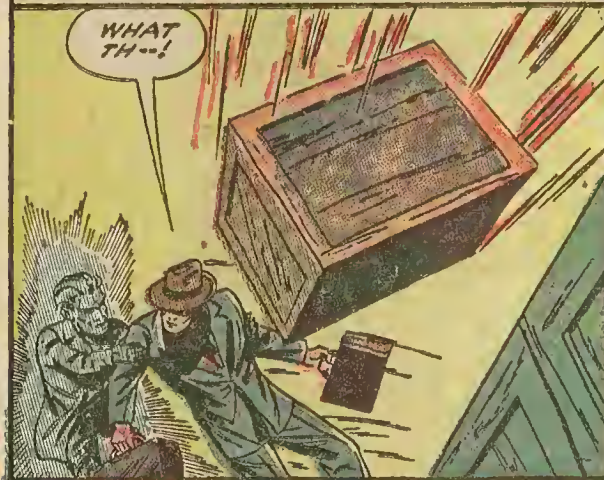
PETER DIDN'T REALIZE THAT HIS PREMONITION WAS COMING TRUE--THAT DEADLY DANGER THREATENED--

GUESS MY UNCLE'S TOO OLD TO HANG AROUND MEETING SHIPS! I'D BETTER TAKE A TAXI OUT TO HIS PLACE!



**N**O, THERE WAS NOTHING TO WARN HIM NOW--NOTHING BUT THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN WHO SEEMED TO APPEAR MIRACULOUSLY--IN THE NICK OF TIME!

WHAT TH--!

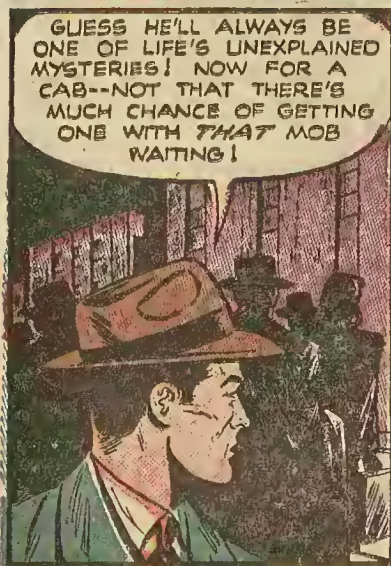


WHEW! IF YOU HADN'T PULLED ME OUT OF THE WAY, I'D--HEY! WHERE'D THAT LITTLE GUY GO? HE--HE WAS RIGHT HERE BESIDE ME A SECOND AGO!

CRASH!



GUESS HE'LL ALWAYS BE ONE OF LIFE'S UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES! NOW FOR A CAB--NOT THAT THERE'S MUCH CHANCE OF GETTING ONE WITH THAT MOB WAITING!



**F**ROM WHENCE DID THIS BRIGHT NEW CAB APPEAR SO MYSTERIOUSLY? AND AT THE WHEEL--

WELL, I'LL BE--! CABBIE, IF IT WASN'T CRAZY, I'D SAY THAT YOU'RE THE LAD WHO SAVED MY LIFE A FEW SECONDS AGO--BUT THERE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN TIME ENOUGH FOR YOU TO GET BACK INTO A TAXI!-- JUST TAKE ME TO 210 BANK STREET!



**B**UT THE DRIVER SCARCELY SEEMED TO LISTEN! WITH A ROAR, THE CAB WAS OFF, IGNORING SIGNALS, MAGICALLY AVOIDING COLLISIONS--AND TRAVELING WITH THE SPEED OF DEATH ITSELF!

STOP, DRIVER! ARE YOU NUTS?



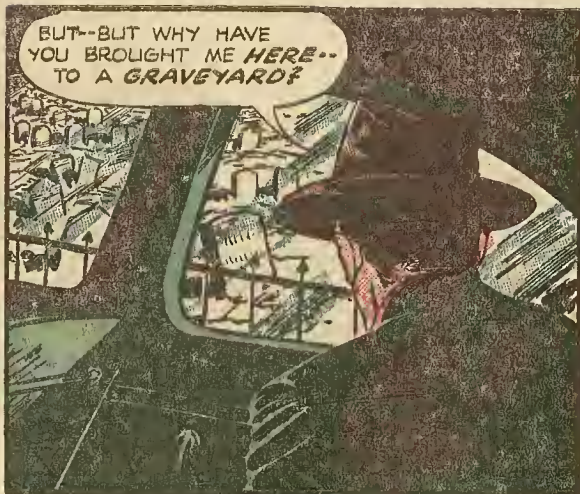
**NOTHING COULD HALT THAT MAD FLIGHT--  
NOTHING!**

**STOP, I TELL YOU-- YOU'RE  
HEADED IN THE WRONG DIREC-  
TION! BANK STREET'S  
BACK IN MANHATTAN!**



**BUT STILL THE STRANGE, HURLING RACE CONTINUED  
--ONLY TO PAUSE WHEN--**

**BUT--BUT WHY HAVE  
YOU BROUGHT ME HERE--  
TO A GRAVEYARD?**



**NO ANSWER! NOTHING BUT THE PALLID BEAM OF  
THE SPOTLIGHT--PICKING OUT A STARK TOMBSTONE!**



**MERCIFUL HEAVENS! UNCLE  
HENDRIK--DEAD! BUT HOW--**



**THERE WAS NO TIME TO  
RALLY FROM THE TRAGIC  
BLOW! WITH A LURCH,  
THE STRANGE TAXI SWUNG  
INTO MOTION, HEADING  
BACK--AT BLINDING SPEED!**

**WAIT! WHAT DO YOU  
KNOW ABOUT MY UNCLE?  
WHY DID YOU BRING  
ME HERE?**

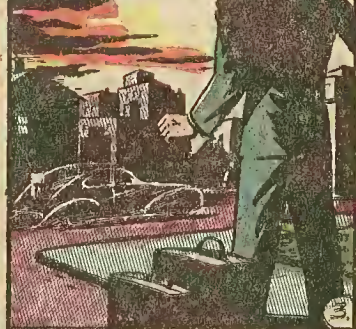


**DID THE STRANGE LITTLE CABBIE  
HEAR? FOR HE GAVE NO ANSWER--  
AND NEXT SECOND, AS IF BY SOME  
EERIE MAGIC, THEY HAD REACHED  
THEIR DESTINATION!**

**UNCLE HENDRIK'S  
HOUSE! BUT A  
SECOND AGO, WE WERE  
BACK THERE--IN  
THE CEMETERY!**



**THERE HE GOES--AND THE  
TAXI'S FADING AWAY, DIS-  
APPEARING! IT'S INCRED-  
IBLE, BUT THERE'S ONLY  
ONE EXPLANATION! THAT  
WAS NO HUMAN--BUT A  
STALKING GHOST FROM  
OUT OF THE  
UNKNOWN  
ITSELF!**



AND FROM WITHIN THE OLD HOUSE--

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO--HE'S HERE! OH, IF YOU'D ONLY GOT TEN RIG OF HIM BACK AT THE PIER, ARNOLD!

IT WAS TOUGH LUCK, BUT IT'LL BE EASIER HERE! --NOW LISTEN! WE'LL WELCOME HIM AND TELL HIM EVERYTHING ABOUT THE WILL--COME RIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN, SEE? BUT DON'T WORRY--HE WON'T HAVE ANY CHANCE TO ENJOY HIS INHERITANCE! HE'LL BE DEAD BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER!



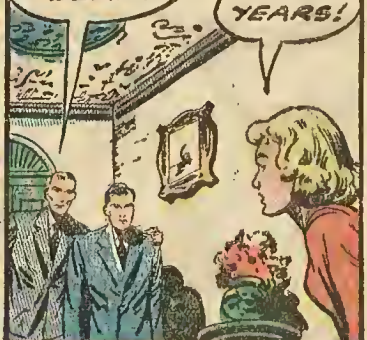
YOU WISHED TO SEE--**GREAT SCOTT!** YOU'RE **PETER--PETER VAN NOSTRAND!**

THAT'S RIGHT! WHO ARE YOU?



I'M YOUR COUSIN ARNOLD--AND THAT'S ANNA, MY WIFE! THIS IS A SURPRISE--WE'VE GIVEN YOU UP FOR DEAD!

**PETER!** I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT--NOBODY'S HEARD FROM YOU FOR YEARS!



BUT I WROTE UNCLE HENRIK I WAS COMING! OF COURSE, I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD DIED THEN--BUT MY LETTER MUST'VE ARRIVED!

I'M AFRAID IT **DIDN'T!** AND WE WOULD'VE KNOWN, SINCE WE WERE LOOKING AFTER THE OLD MAN WHEN THE END CAME! WE STAYED ON HERE, ASSUMING THIS WAS **OUR HOUSE** --UNTIL **NOW!**



I DON'T GET IT! WHOSE HOUSE IS IT, THEN?

OF COURSE--YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE WILL! UNCLE HENRIK LEFT EVERYTHING TO **YOU**, PETER--THIS HOUSE AND WHATEVER'S IN IT!



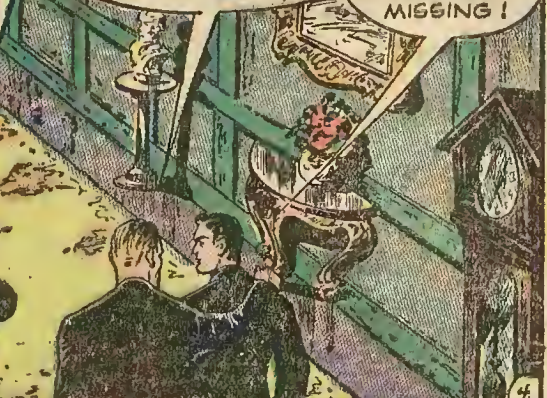
HMM M... THAT IS NEWS!

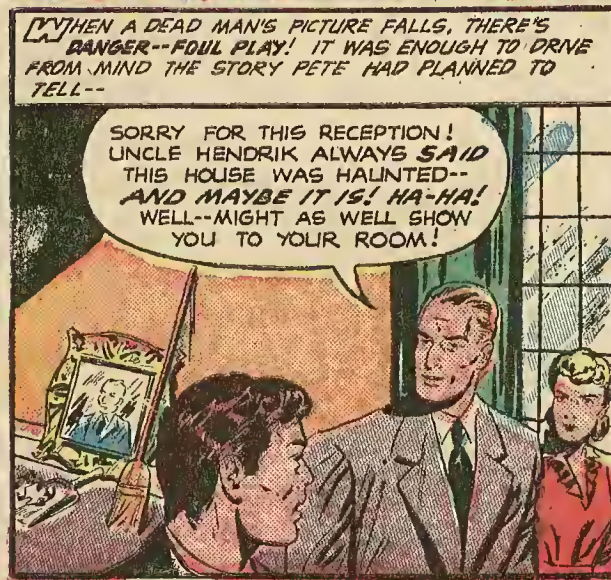
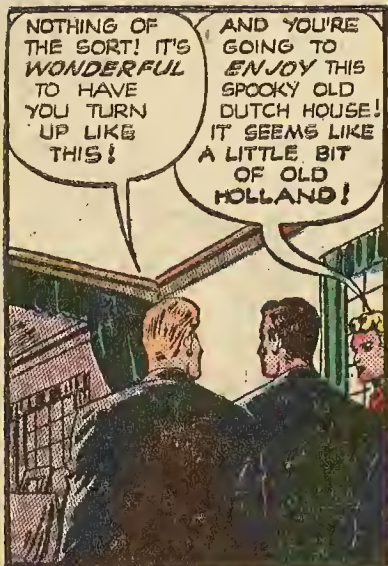
BUT YOU HADN'T BEEN HEARD FROM IN YEARS! THE LAWYERS SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR YOU, AND ASSUMED YOU WERE DEAD! MATTER OF FACT, IN TWO MORE MONTHS YOU'D HAVE BEEN JUDGED LEGALLY DEAD, AND THE PROPERTY WOULD'VE GONE TO THE NEXT IN LINE --**ME!**



SO YOU OWN A HOUSE NOW--**COUSIN!** WE'LL GO SEE THE LAWYERS IN THE MORNING AND ARRANGE FOR IT! AND, OF COURSE, ANNA AND I WILL MOVE OUT AS SOON AS YOU WISH!

SORT OF TOUGH FOR YOU --ME SHOWING UP, HUH? MAYBE I SHOULD'VE STAYED MISSING!



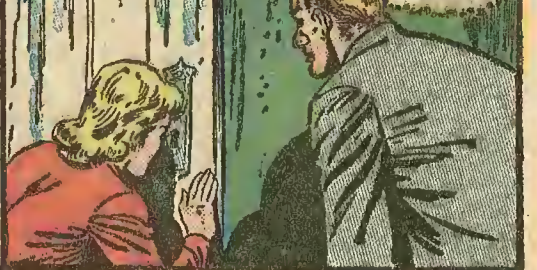


LEADER REACHED FOR HIM! BUT WHAT STRANGE MIND  
LEAD HIS ATTENTION TOWARDS THE FIREPLACE!

HMM... A PARTIALLY-BURNED ENVELOPE! AN  
ENGLISH STAMP AND POSTMARKED LONDON--  
ON THE VERY DAY I WROTE TO UNCLE  
HENDRIK! ARNOLD SAID MY LETTER HAD  
NEVER ARRIVED--BUT THIS MAKES  
ME WONDER!



LATER-- WE'VE NOT YET, ANNA--I'VE  
ASLEEP! BEEN THINKING! NOW  
IT WOULD BE EASY... DID PETER KNOW UNCLE  
NOW--YOU COULD HENDRIK WAS DEAD--  
MUFFLE YOUR GUN... UNLESS HE KNOWS  
WITH A PILLOW-- MORE THAN HE'S  
LETTING ON? PERHAPS  
HE KNOWS OTHER THINGS--  
LIKE WHERE THOSE OLD  
DOCUMENTS  
ARE  
HIDDEN!



THAT'S RIDICULOUS--WE WOULDN'T  
HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THEM  
OURSELVES IF OLD HENDRIK  
HADN'T BABBLER IN HIS DELIRIUM!  
WE'VE GOT TO FINISH PETER  
NOW, ARNOLD--BEFORE THE  
LAWYERS FIND OUT HE'S IN  
TOWN, AND EVERYTHING'S  
LOST!

ALL RIGHT--  
BUT LET'S  
WAIT A COUPLE  
OF HOURS FIRST!  
IF PETER DOES  
KNOW WHERE  
THOSE PAPERS  
ARE, HE MAY MAKE  
AN ATTEMPT TO  
GET THEM TONIGHT--  
AND LEAD US TO  
THEM!



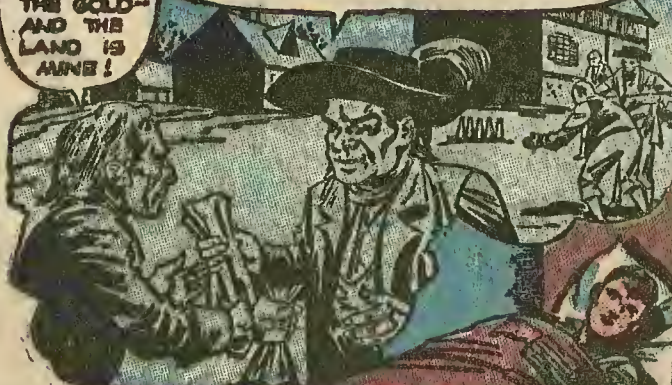
MEANWHILE, WITHIN--MOVING OVER  
THE SLEEPING MAN--THE SILENT  
GHOST SMILED INSCRUTABLY--



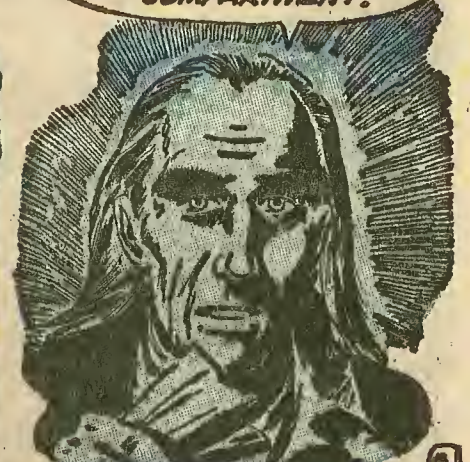
AND IN PETER'S SLEEP-CHROUDED MIND, AN ODD DREAM  
FORMED--

IT IS A  
BARGAIN,  
MYNHEER!  
HERE IS  
THE GOLD--  
AND THE  
LAND IS  
MINE!

YOU NOW OWN A SECTION OF NEW  
AMSTERDAM, PETER! MAYHAP SOME  
DAY IT MAY PROVE EVEN MORE VALU-  
ABLE THAN IN THIS YEAR 1650!



NOW TO PUT THESE DOCUMENTS  
IN A SAFE PLACE--AND I KNOW  
THE VERY SPOT! THE SECRET  
COMPARTMENT!



THE WEIRD DREAM PROCEEDED--AND PETER SAW THE LITTLE MAN ENTER A HOUSE, APPROACH THE WALL NEAR AN ORNATE BUST! A TOUCH OF HIS FINGER--AND A CONCEALED DRAWER SLID OPEN!



GOOD GOSH! I GUESS IT WAS A DREAM--IT HAD TO BE--BUT IT WAS SO VIVID! I--I ALMOST FEEL AS IF I'M STILL BACK IN THE DAYS OF ANCIENT NEW AMSTERDAM!



NOPE--THAT'S 20TH CENTURY NEW YORK OUTSIDE--I DID DREAM IT! BUT I DON'T GET IT! HOW COME THAT LITTLE DUTCHMAN IN MY DREAM WAS THE IMAGE OF THE GUY WHO SAVED MY LIFE ON THE PIER--AND THE TAX-DRIVER AS WELL!



ALL THREE--AND THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN ONE MAN!--HEY! THAT BUST I DREAMED ABOUT, NEAR WHERE THE OLD DUTCHMAN HAD THOSE PAPERS--SEEMS TO ME I SAW SOMETHING LIKE THAT IN THE HALL DOWNSTAIRS!



I'M POWERLESS--BEFORE A STRANGE COMPULSION! I'VE GOT TO GO DOWNSTAIRS AND SEE WHETHER IT'S THE SAME BUST!

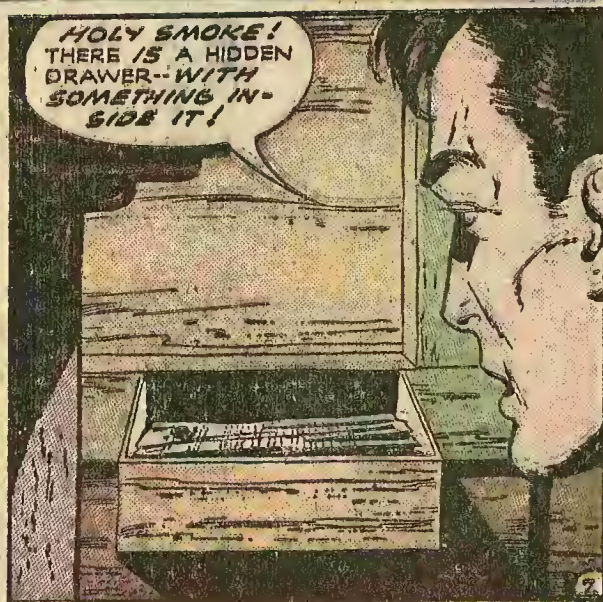
THERE HE GOES! I TOLD YOU HE KNOWS SOMETHING!

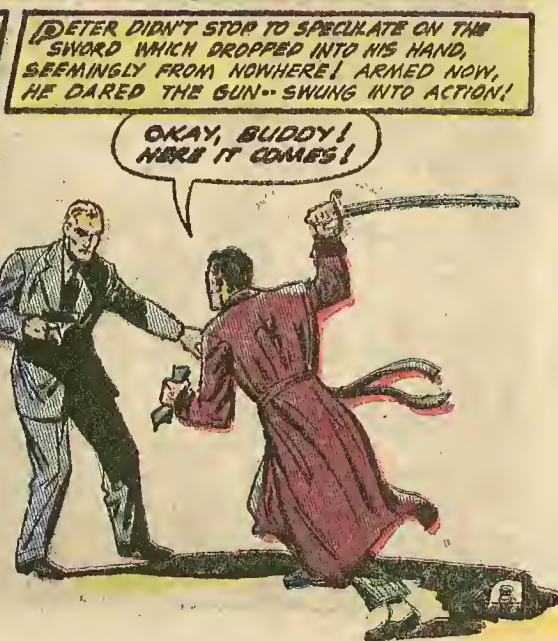
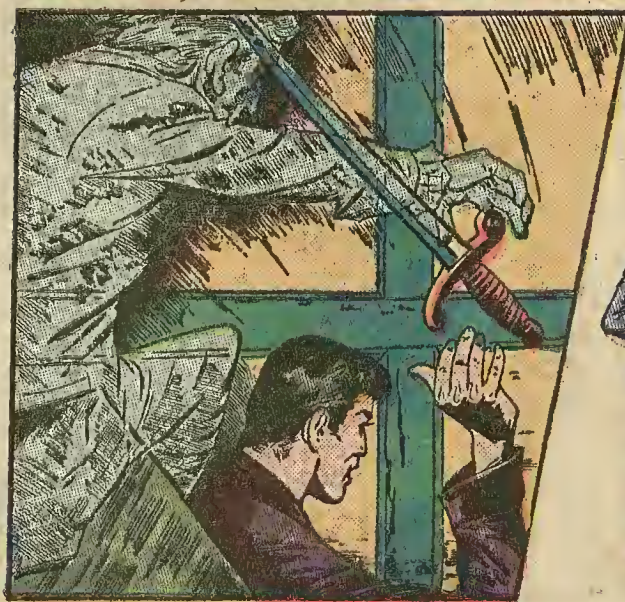
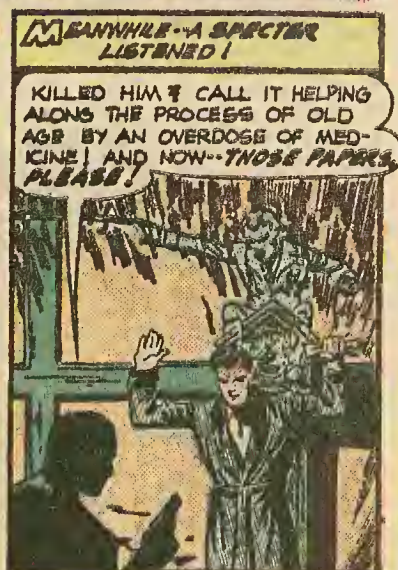
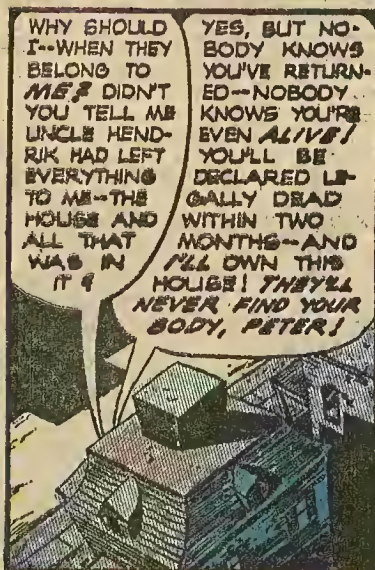
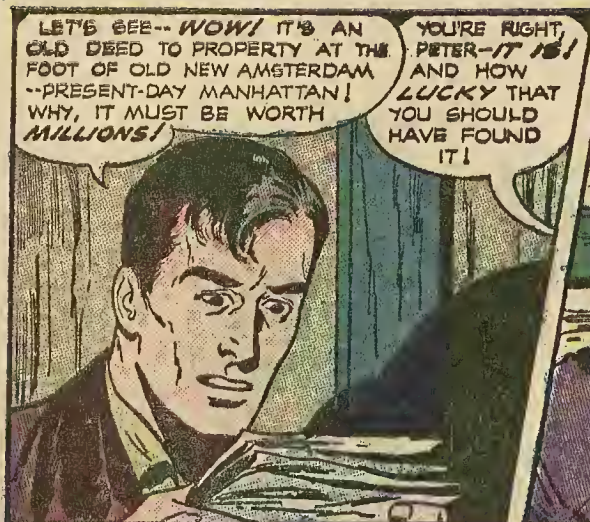


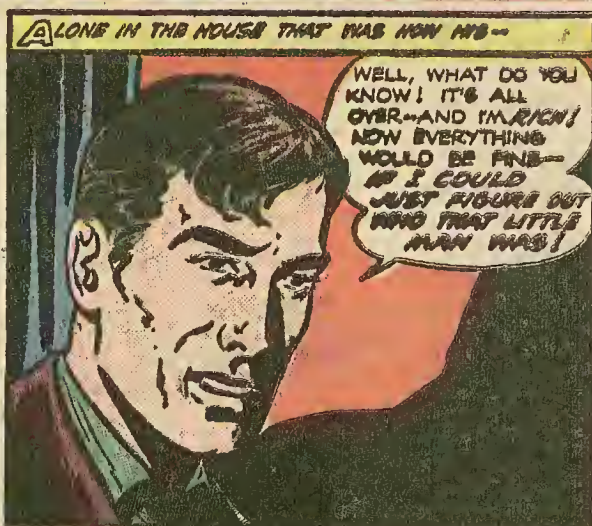
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT--IT'S THE SAME ONE AS IN MY DREAM! LET'S SEE--THE LITTLE DUTCHMAN PRESSED THE MOLDING ABOUT HERE--AND IF A SECRET DRAWER OPENS, I'LL KNOW I'M STILL IN SOME SORT OF NIGHTMARE!



HOLY SMOKE! THERE IS A HIDDEN DRAWER--WITH SOMETHING INSIDE IT!







EDITOR



**I**T'S MEETING-TIME again for America's most fascinating and most adventurous club...that vital and fast-growing organization known from coast to coast as The Loyal Fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown". So greetings, all you wonderful friends...you'll never know how great it is to renew our fine companionship! This is the time of month that we look forward to so eagerly, and we want to enjoy it to the utmost. And what better way than sitting down with you special people who share our special interests in that realm of dark and brooding mystery...the Unknown?

This month's issue marks a new and thrilling excursion into that strange, menacing world...an excursion on which you are passengers, sharing in all the spine-tingling, gasp-laden results of as eerie a voyage as ever mortal man undertook. It's a carefully-charted voyage, with a hand-picked crew composed of our ace writers, artists and research men. And your Editor, a devoted captain, has striven to pick a course among the eerie shoals and spectral reefs, and make it an action-jammed trip you'll long remember. Our destination? Let's call it the harbor of Gripping Excitement...and let's regard the stories in this

special, all-star issue as ports of call. There's "The Phantom Seeker", for instance...the weird tale of a specter who knew no rest. "The Holland Heuer" is the fascinating story of a new kind of ghost...one that should delight as it thrills. "Wizard of Evil" makes for pulse-quickening entertainment, and "The Werewolf Burial" brings the ancient saga of the stalking supernatural into breathless life. Then there's "The Haunted Ghost"...grip-pingly different...rounding out an issue you won't forget!

Thrills and enjoyment are guaranteed, as in every issue of "Adventures Into The Unknown"...a rule, incidentally, which we're carefully following in our great companion magazine of the supernatural, "Forbidden Worlds". If you haven't read it yet, run, do not walk, to the nearest newsstand...you'll find it worth your while! Meanwhile, however, let's get back to this publication. Once more, we're asking you to write to us, telling us what you think of the stories we've selected for you, and what you'd like to see in future issues. Address your letters to The Editor, *Adventures Into The Unknown*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Here's what some others think:

"Dear Editor:-

Only yesterday, I discovered your amazing magazine, and I must admit it was one of the most exciting I've ever read. From the very first page to the last, I was completely spellbound. I could feel every terrifying moment racing up and down my spine as I read 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. My one request is... why not run a contest to obtain the supernatural adventures of different people everywhere?

"Dear Editor:-

I'm writing this letter to compliment you on your wonderful stories in 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. In your June issue, my vote goes for 'Little People's Revenge' and 'Zombie Death'. I've never read another book like yours before, and make sure to rush down to the corner store every month to buy a copy. I love supernatural stories...and your book will always be my favorite. Lots of luck...and I know you'll keep up the good work!

--Donnelle Bean, Duncan, Okla."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read your magazine ever since it came out, and think it's wonderful. The cover on the July issue is really great. Let's have some more stories on Egypt...and I'd also like to see some dealing with our West. Incidentally, your new companion to 'Adventures Into The Unknown'...'Forbidden Worlds'...is magnificent!

--Alice Trzecki, Buffalo, N. Y."

--B. Blakely, Casper, Wyo."

Have you read "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"?

# WIZARD of EVIL



YOU'VE READ STRANGE STORIES ABOUT DRAGONS...AND SCOFFED! BUT DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT THERE MIGHT BE SOME BASIS TO THESE LEGENDS--THAT DRAGONS, WEIRD DENIZENS OF THE UNKNOWN, MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE EXISTED...AND MIGHT REAPPEAR ON EARTH SOME DAY? RIDICULOUS, YOU SAY? WELL, WE GUARANTEE THAT THIS ASTONISHING, SPINE-CHILLING TALE WILL START YOU WONDERING -- AND SHIVERING!

ON THE GLOOMY, MIST-SHROUDED MOORS NEAR THE TOWN OF CAMELFORD, ENGLAND --

THERE IT IS -- LACHAN CASTLE! IT'S CERTAINLY ANCIENT AND FORBIDDING ENOUGH TO CONTAIN THE SECRET I'M SEEKING -- BUT I HOPE THAT BARON LACHAN ISN'T THE FOR-BIDDING TYPE!

MY FATHER, THE BARON, IS DEAD -- I'M THE LAST OF THE LACHANS! WHAT IS IT YOU WISH?

MY NAME IS GEORGE BAINESFORD, MISS LACHAN -- AND I'D LIKE YOUR PERMISSION TO EXAMINE YOUR OLD FAMILY ARCHIVES AND RECORDS! YOU SEE, I'M AN AMERICAN WRITER, DOING RESEARCH FOR AN HISTORICAL BOOK ABOUT KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS -- AND I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT LACHAN CASTLE HOLDS MANY SECRETS ABOUT THOSE OLDEN DAYS!



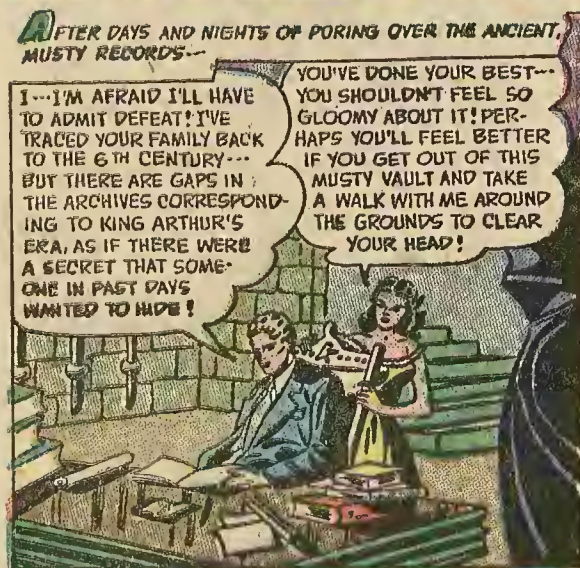
MY PREVIOUS RESEARCHES INDICATE THAT CAMELOTFORD IS THE LOCATION OF THE ANCIENT TOWN OF CAMELOT, WHERE KING ARTHUR HELD COURT! IN ADDITION, THE FAMOUS ENCHANTRESS KNOWN AS VIVIEN, THE LADY OF THE LAKE, IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE HAD HER CASTLE NEARBY---AND SINCE LACHAN IS OLD ENGLISH FOR LAKE, MY HUNCH IS THAT THIS IS VIVIEN'S ANCIENT CASTLE!

WHY, THAT'S ODD---MY NAME IS VIVIEN! A DAUGHTER IN EVERY GENERATION OF OUR FAMILY HAS BEEN GIVEN THAT NAME--- ACCORDING TO SOME ANCIENT CUSTOM!



THEN MY HUNCH MUST BE RIGHT---AND YOUR FAMILY ARCHIVES MAY PROVE THAT YOU'RE A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THAT SORCERESS, THE LADY OF THE LAKE!

HMM, IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO! THE FAMILY ARCHIVES ARE KEPT IN A LOCKED VAULT IN THE CELLAR---THEY'VE BEEN UNTOUCHED FOR GENERATIONS, BUT I'LL UNLOCK THE VAULT FOR YOU! AND I'LL TELL THE BUTLER YOU'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH US UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR RESEARCH!



AFTER DAYS AND NIGHTS OF PORING OVER THE ANCIENT, MUSTY RECORDS---

I---I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT DEFEAT! I'VE TRACED YOUR FAMILY BACK TO THE 6TH CENTURY--- BUT THERE ARE GAPS IN THE ARCHIVES CORRESPONDING TO KING ARTHUR'S ERA, AS IF THERE WERE A SECRET THAT SOMEONE IN PAST DAYS WANTED TO HIDE!

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST--- YOU SHOULDN'T FEEL SO GLOOMY ABOUT IT! PERHAPS YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IF YOU GET OUT OF THIS MUSTY VAULT AND TAKE A WALK WITH ME AROUND THE GROUNDS TO CLEAR YOUR HEAD!



HE'LL BE LEAVING NOW THAT HIS WORK PROVED FRUITLESS---AND I DON'T WANT HIM TO GO! I--- I GUESS I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HIM! OH, IF ONLY I DID HAVE THE BLOOD OF AN ENCHANTRESS IN ME, I'D MAKE HIM WANT TO KISS ME---

STRANGE--- I HAVE AN OVERPOWERING IMPULSE TO KISS HER!



VIVIEN--- DARLING!



TELL ME, IS IT AN AMERICAN HABIT FOR A MAN TO KISS A GIRL SO SOON AFTER MEETING HER?

ONLY IF HE'S FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HER, HONEY! AND THERE'S ANOTHER AMERICAN HABIT--- CARVING THE INITIALS OF SWEETHEARTS ON A TREE! THIS OLD GNARLED OAK WILL DO---





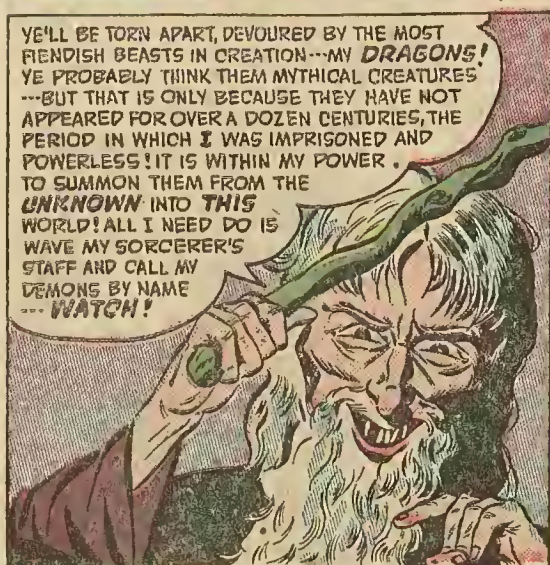
I REMEMBER NOW...THE ANCIENT LEGENDS SAID YOU WERE IMPRISONED IN AN OAK TREE BY VIVIEN, THE LADY OF THE LAKE! AND YOU WERE RELEASED WHEN THIS VIVIEN READ OFF THE SPELL THAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE METAL PLATE I UNCOVERED!

AYE, AND FOR UNCOVERING THAT CURSED SPELL, YE SHALL HAVE ANYTHING YE NAME...A KINGDOM, A KING'S TREASURE, ANYTHING!



BUT YOU, VIVIEN...YE WILL DIE A HORRIBLE, AGONIZING DEATH! YOU ARE THE DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THAT DECEITFUL ENCHANTRESS WHO TRICKED ME INTO REVEALING MY MAGIC SPELLS...WHICH SHE PROMPTLY TURNED AGAINST ME, IMPRISONING ME IN THIS TOMB OF WOOD! SHE IS LONG SINCE DEAD...BUT NOW YOU WILL FEEL THE FURY OF MY VENGEANCE!

NO... NO!



YE'LL BE TORN APART, DEVoured BY THE MOST FIENDISH BEASTS IN CREATION...MY DRAGONS! YE PROBABLY THINK THEM MYTHICAL CREATURES...BUT THAT IS ONLY BECAUSE THEY HAVE NOT APPEARED FOR OVER A DOZEN CENTURIES, THE PERIOD IN WHICH I WAS IMPRISONED AND POWERLESS! IT IS WITHIN MY POWER, TO SUMMON THEM FROM THE UNKNOWN INTO THIS WORLD! ALL I NEED DO IS WAVE MY SORCERER'S STAFF AND CALL MY DEMONS BY NAME...WATCH!



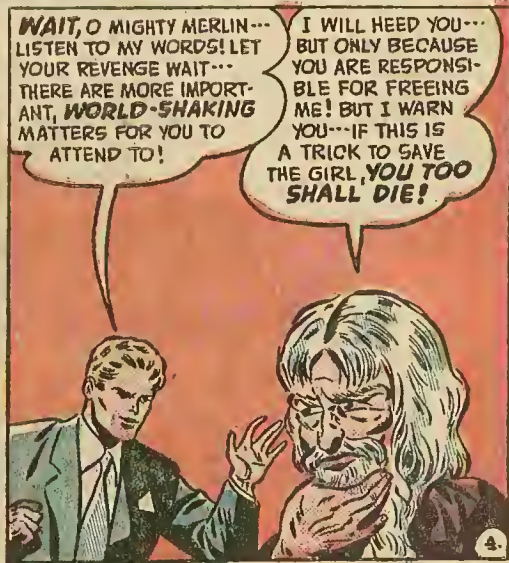
MOGH-BUOTH!

HOLY HANNAH... THAT THING IS REAL! AND THE FAIRY-TALE DRAGONS ARE ANGELS COMPARED TO THAT DEMON!



AH, YE MUST BE RAVENOUS AFTER HAVING FASTED FOR 50 MANY CENTURIES, MOGH-BUOTH! BUT NOW YE CAN FEED WELL... THERE IS YOUR PREY!

NO... NO!



WAIT, O MIGHTY MERLIN... LISTEN TO MY WORDS! LET YOUR REVENGE WAIT... THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT, WORLD-SHAKING MATTERS FOR YOU TO ATTEND TO!

I WILL HEED YOU... BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR FREEING ME! BUT I WARN YOU...IF THIS IS A TRICK TO SAVE THE GIRL, YOU TOO SHALL DIE!

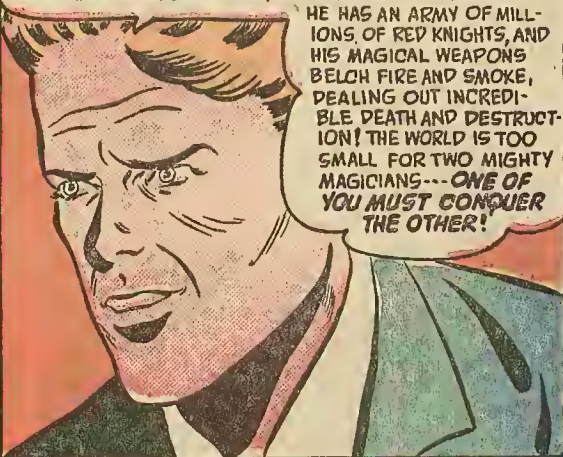
BE GONE, MOGH-BUOTH!...NOW TELL ME, WHAT WORLD-SHAKING MATTERS DID YOU SPEAK OF?

THE WORLD HAS CHANGED ENORMOUSLY SINCE YOU WERE IMPRISONED, O MIGHTY SORCERER! IN KING ARTHUR'S TIME, YOU WERE THE REAL POWER BEHIND THE THRONE, BECAUSE NONE COULD OVERCOME ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS AND YOUR BLACK MAGIC...BUT NOW THERE LIVES A MAGICIAN WITH EVEN GREATER POWERS THAN YOURS, MERLIN!



THIS MAGICIAN DWELLS IN THE LAND OF THE VOLGA AND THE URALS, SPREADING OVER ALMOST ALL OF EUROPE AND ASIA...AND HE IS PLOTTING TO TAKE OVER THE ENTIRE WORLD, INCLUDING ENGLAND!

HE HAS AN ARMY OF MILLIONS OF RED KNIGHTS, AND HIS MAGICAL WEAPONS BELCH FIRE AND SMOKE, DEALING OUT INCREDIBLE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! THE WORLD IS TOO SMALL FOR TWO MIGHTY MAGICIANS...ONE OF YOU MUST CONQUER THE OTHER!



YOU SHOULD COMBAT THE RED MAGICIAN NOW WITH ALL THE FORCES AT YOUR COMMAND, MERLIN...BEFORE HE LEARNS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN RELEASED AND TAKES STEPS TO DESTROY YOU! THEN, AFTER YOUR MAGIC HAS CONQUERED HIS, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR VENGEANCE ON VIVIEN!

GEORGE, HOW COULD YOU...?

SILENCE, SORCERESS! HE HAS GIVEN ME EXCELLENT ADVICE...AND I WILL FOLLOW IT!



BEGONE, SORCERESS...REMAIN CHAINED IN THE DUNGEON OF YOUR CASTLE UNTIL I HAVE DISPOSED OF THE RED MAGICIAN!

OH-HHH!

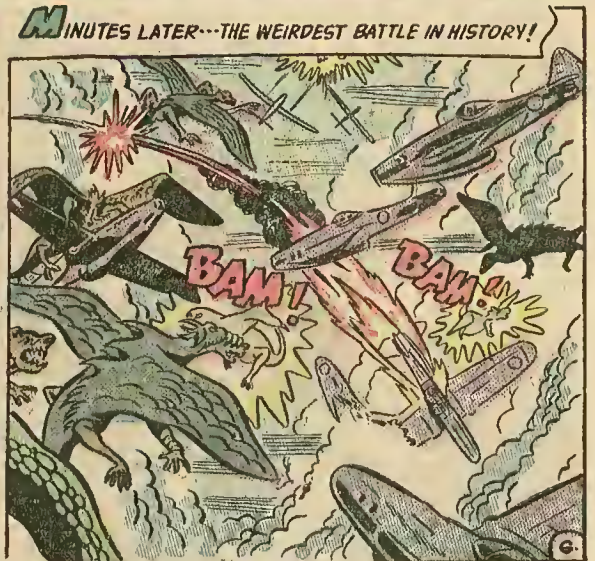
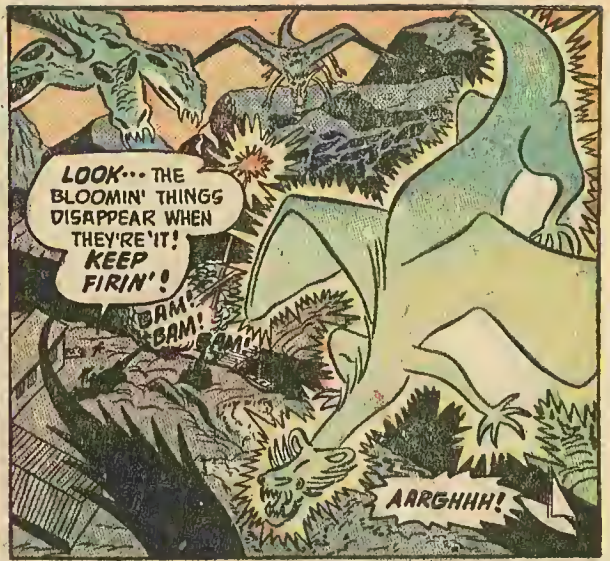


NOW I WILL ATTACK THE RED MAGICIAN WHO IS THE MIGHTIEST WIZARD OF EVIL! I WILL SEND ALL THE FORCES OF THE NETHERWORLD AND THE FORBIDDEN REALMS AGAINST HIM...WHOLE ARMIES OF DRAGONS AND HYDRA-HEADED MONSTERS WILL DESCEND UPON HIM AND HIS KNIGHTS! RISE UP, MOGH-BUOTH...COME, GUR-DRAOBH...LOTH-AF-EADDU...KHA-GURODH...



GO...GO TO THE LAND OF THE URALS AND THE VOLGA...FALL UPON THE ARMY OF THE RED KNIGHTS AND ALL ITS LEADERS!

**B**UT A SCANT HALF-MILE AWAY, AT AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN EMPLACEMENT OUTSIDE OF CAMELFORD...



**AT BRITISH SOUTHWEST DEFENSE HEADQUARTERS IN CORNWALL...**

OUR PLANES REPORT THE BEASTS KEEP COMING UP FROM THIS AREA HERE... IN THE VICINITY OF **LACHAN CASTLE!** ORDER OUT A SQUADRON OF HEAVY LANCASTER BOMBERS---WE'LL **ATOM-BOMB** THE PLACE, IF NECESSARY!

VERY WELL, MR. PRIME MINISTER---WE'LL CLAMP TIGHT SECURITY REGULATIONS AROUND THE NEWS OF WHAT'S HAPPENING! THERE WON'T BE ANY PANIC, BECAUSE THE PRESS AND RADIO WON'T MENTION A WORD ABOUT THOSE BEASTS!

PROVOST MARSHAL L.B.S.

**MEANWHILE, IN THE DUNGEON AT LACHAN CASTLE---**

**GEORGE**...YOU CAME TO SAVE ME...YOU DIDN'T MEAN WHAT YOU SAID TO MERLIN!

OF COURSE NOT, DARLING! BUT WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST---EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON YOU! SINCE YOU'RE A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE ORIGINAL VIVIAN, YOU MUST HAVE THE BLOOD OF AN ENCHANTRESS IN YOU---PERHAPS YOU CAN IMPRISON MERLIN IN THE TREE, THE WAY THE LADY OF THE LAKE DID CENTURIES AGO!

AS SOON AS I KNOW HIM, GRAB HIS SORCERER'S STAFF---YOU MIGHT NEED IT TO WORK THE SPELL! AND REMEMBER---RECITE THE SPELL **BACKWARDS**---BECAUSE THAT'S HOW THE ANCIENT LEGENDS SAY MERLIN WAS ORIGINALLY IMPRISONED BY THE LADY OF THE LAKE!

I---I AM EXHAUSTING THE SUPPLY OF DRAGONS IN THE NETHERWORLD---THEY ARE KILLED AS FAST AS I SEND THEM UP! I WILL HAVE TO SUMMON UP THE DREAD **BELIAL** HIMSELF---EVEN THOUGH HE MAY DESTROY THE **ENTIRE WORLD!**

**BUT BEFORE MERLIN CAN UTTER THE NECESSARY SATANIC CHANT---**

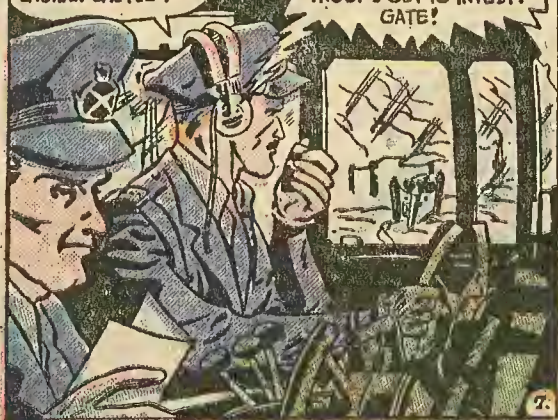


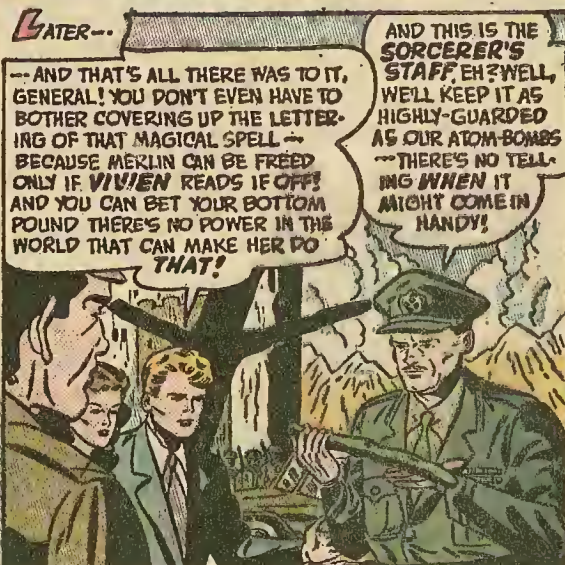
I'LL TIE HIM TO THE TREE BEFORE YOU RECITE THE SPELL! BUT I SEE BOMBERS WINGING THIS WAY---WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY BEFORE WE'RE **BLOWN TO BITS!**

I'LL HAVE TO MEMORIZE THE SPELL FIRST---BECAUSE MERLIN'S BODY WILL CONCEAL IT WHEN HE'S AGAINST THE TREE!

CALLING BOMBER COMMAND HEADQUARTERS---THE BEASTS HAVE STOPPED COMING UP---ARE WE STILL TO DROP OUR BOMB-LOADS ON LACHAN CASTLE?

NO---CIRCLE ABOVE THE CASTLE AND DROP YOUR BOMBS ONLY IF NEW MONSTERS SHOW UP! MEANWHILE, WE'LL SEND TROOPS OUT TO INVESTIGATE!





# Every Way You Look at Them

# LIONEL TRAINS

are the  
World's finest

Fellas, they  
look like, run  
like the world's  
crack trains.

Yippee! Real  
solid steel  
wheels.

Oh, boy, look!  
Heavyweight die-  
cast R.R. trucks.

Remote control  
electro-magnetic  
knuckle couplers.

OPERATING COAL RAMP  
AND HOPPER CAR

OIL DERRICK &  
PUMP

AUTOMATIC  
GATEMAN

Wow! Real, white, clean  
smoke. Built-in two-tone  
remote control R.R. whistle.

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NEW LIONEL  
CATALOGUE  
NOW!

LIONEL TRAINS, Post Office Box 302  
Madison Sq. Sta., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me the full-color Lionel cata-  
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# THEME OF THE LIVING DEAD

"**A**RISE...AND WALK the earth!" The words echoed hollowly in the dead man's ears. He opened his eyes and looked around, but saw no one. "You cannot see me," the words sounded again, "for I am Mog-Ruoth, ancient spirit of the evil dead! All those who are buried in the site of this old Druidical burying-ground are in my power...and can be revived by me!"

The voice in the dead man's brain took on an added note of fiendish evil and hatred, and continued, "I have raised countless numbers of the evil dead in the last twenty years since mortals were foolish enough to build a cemetery on the exact site of my resting place...and I have commanded all of them to go forth and kill! But somehow, some other force must be destroying the living dead I have sent forth...because if they had fulfilled my orders, this cemetery would have been receiving vast numbers of dead! So I command YOU, the most recent corpse buried here, to go forth and KILL...no matter who or what tries to stop you!"

The corpse was powerless to disobey. It walked forth, out of the small country cemetery, and began striding toward the first house it sighted. Already its brain was cunningly planning how to deceive the inhabitants of that house on the hill...the dead man would pretend to be alive, would wait until the inhabitants' suspicions were lulled...and then it would strike!

In response to the dead man's knock, an elderly but spry and beaming man opened the door. "Brr, it's a cold night for a man to be out without an overcoat," the old man said, his breath forming a frosty mist in the wintry midnight air. "What can I do for you?"

"My car got stuck at the bottom of the

hill," the dead man said. "I wonder if I might come in and phone the nearest garage."

"We have no phone here," the old man said, "but come in, by all means. At least you can warm yourself by the fire."

The corpse entered the house, walked toward the large, roaring fireplace and rubbed its bloodless hands as if basking in the warmth it didn't even feel. "Ah, this feels good," it said. "Quite a nice place you have here. Do you live alone?"

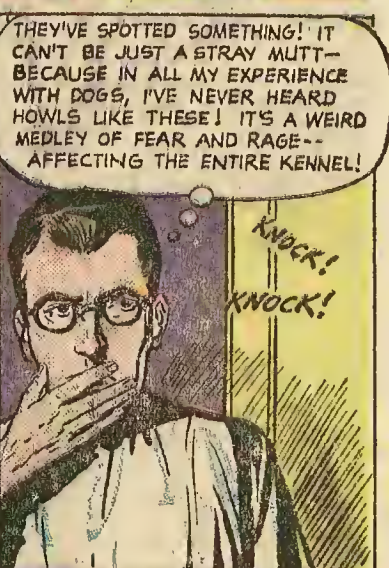
"No, I have a twenty-year-old son. He lives here with me so that I can teach him the business...and so that he can take over when I'm gone. He's asleep upstairs now."

The corpse turned its back toward the fire and grinned evilly at the old man standing near the opposite wall of the room. "You will be gone sooner than you expected," the dead man said, "and your son will never awaken from his sleep!"

When the old man saw the stranger start toward him, he hastily pressed a button on the wall near him...and a section of the floor suddenly tilted up, sending the dead man sprawling into the fireplace. The corpse felt no pain, of course, but as an iron grating descended from the ceiling, imprisoning him within the blazing fire, he knew his end was near.

The old man watched the corpse being cremated, and said, "I'm used to visits from your kind by now! And I knew what kind you were when your breath didn't form any frosty mist outside. Perhaps I should have told you my business...I'm the cremator at the cemetery here!"







ALL STONE STOPS TO REMIND THE IDEAS--

HONEY, I'VE HANDLED MANY A SAVAGE POOCH IN MY DAY--BUT A CRITTER LIKE THIS NEEDS A BIG GAME HUNTER--NOT A VET!

HE'LL OBEY ME! COYOS, GET UP ON THAT TABLE--AND BE QUIET!

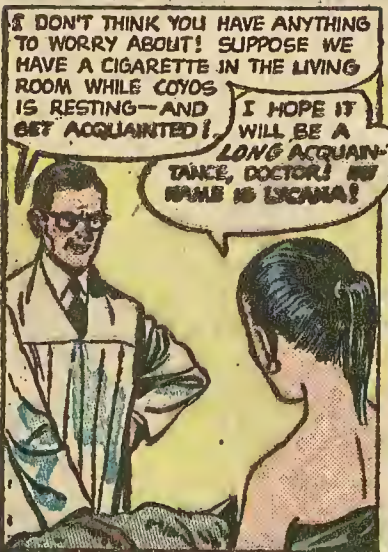
GARRGH!



GUESS I CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR ACTING UGLY--WITH A BULLET IN HIS CHEST--HOW'D IT HAPPEN?

JUST A BALLY ACCIDENT! BUT IS IT

SERIOUS, DOCTOR--WILL COYOG BE LAMED?



I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! SUPPOSE WE HAVE A CIGARETTE IN THE LIVING ROOM WHILE COYOS IS RESTING--AND GET ACQUAINTED!

I HOPE IT WILL BE A LONG ACQUAINTANCE, DOCTOR! HIS NAME IS LYCANA!



THIS IS REALLY THE ONE ROOM IN THE PLACE I CAN CALL MY OWN! NO DOGS, NO CATS--HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

I...I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! YOU'VE BEEN VERY KIND, DOCTOR--BUT I THINK WE'LL GO!



THAT ROOM--UGH! YOU WOULD HAVE KNOWN HOW I FELT, COYOS--IT WAS LOATHSOME!

DON'T FORGET, LYCANA--GIVE ME A RING ABOUT HOW THAT CRITTER'S DOING!



[LATER THAT NIGHT--

STEVE...IT'S PROBABLY TRUE THAT THERE WAS A PRETTY GIRL HERE...BUT THIS STORY ABOUT HER BRINGING A WOUNDED WOLF SEEMS MIGHTY THIN!

KNOWING YOU,

THERE'S NO NEED TO GET JEALOUS, GILDA...AS LONG AS YOU'RE THE ONE I SEE AFTER MY REGULAR OFFICE HOURS!



LYCANA! YEP! I GUESS I COULD DRIVE OUT TO STONY BROOK CROSSROAD--BUT WHY?

DIDN'T YOU ASK ME TO PHONE ABOUT COYOS? I'LL TELL YOU THE REST WHEN YOU GET HERE--BUT PLEASE COME!



A MIDNIGHT MEETING AT STONY BROOK CROSSROAD IS A CUTE IDEA, STEVE--BUT YOU CAN'T TELL ME *THAT'S* GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH A WOUNDED WOLF!

O.K., BABY! IF YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME--GO AHEAD AND SULK!



SOON AFTERWARD--AS STEVE REACHES THE HUSHED CROSSROAD--

THERE'S LYCANA--BUT WHAT IN THUNDER HAS SHE GOT IN THAT *BOX*?



STEVE--I'M AFRAID ALL YOUR EFFORTS WERE WASTED! *COYOS IS DEAD!*

WHAT! MY GOSH, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! A MINOR WOUND COULDN'T FINISH OFF AN ANIMAL *THAT TOUGH!*

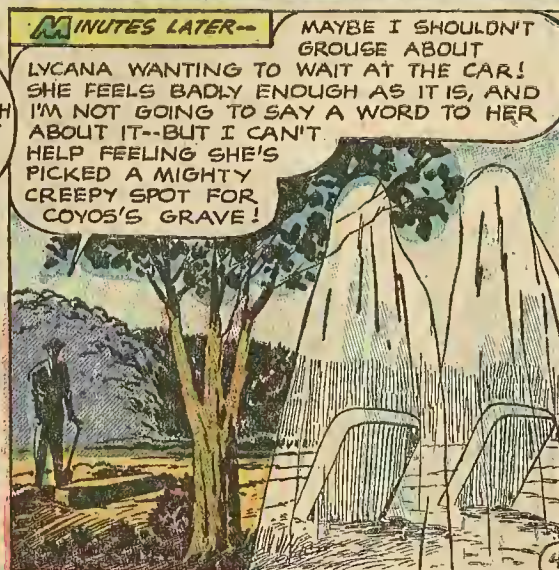


POOR COYOS WAS TERRIBLY HIGH-STRUNG! WE HAD MANY A HAPPY RAMBLE AROUND STONY BROOK--AND THAT'S WHY I'VE BROUGHT *YOU* HERE AT SUCH AN UNGODLY HOUR! I WANT YOU TO HELP ME *BURY* COYOS, STEVE--OVER THERE--ABOUT TWENTY YARDS FROM THE ROAD!



I'VE CATERED TO MANY A PET OWNER'S WHIM, BABY--BUT *THIS* TOPS 'EM! WELL, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!

STEVE, I WANTED TO HELP--BUT I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I CAN GO THROUGH WITH IT! I JUST CAN'T WATCH COYOS BEING LOWERED INTO THE GROUND!



*MINUTES LATER--* MAYBE I SHOULDN'T GROUSE ABOUT LYCANA WANTING TO WAIT AT THE CAR! SHE FEELS BADLY ENOUGH AS IT IS, AND I'M NOT GOING TO SAY A WORD TO HER ABOUT IT--BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING SHE'S PICKED A MIGHTY CREEPY SPOT FOR COYOS'S GRAVE!



SOON AFTERWARD--

WELL, HONEY...A SHOVEL ISN'T MY IDEA OF A VETERINARY INSTRUMENT... BUT MAYBE COYOS RATED A LITTLE SPECIAL ATTENTION!

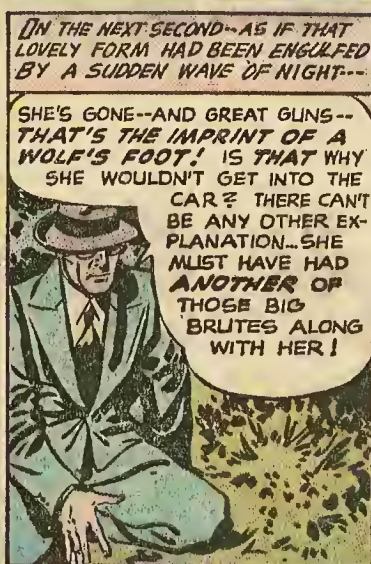
THAT'S JUST THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU, STEVE!



THEN...

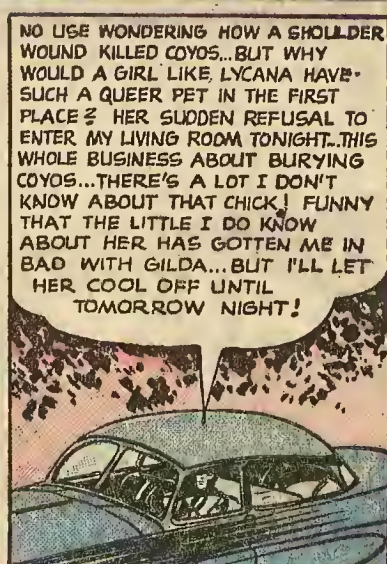
LYCANA, WAIT! DON'T YOU WANT ME TO DRIVE YOU HOME?

IT'S GETTING AWFULLY LATE! NO, STEVE...I DON'T THINK YOU'D FIND ME VERY PLEASANT COMPANY!



IN THE NEXT SECOND--AS IF THAT LOVELY FORM HAD BEEN ENGULFED BY A SUDDEN WAVE OF NIGHT--

SHE'S GONE--AND GREAT GUNS-- THAT'S THE IMPRINT OF A WOLF'S FOOT! IS THAT WHY SHE WOULDN'T GET INTO THE CAR? THERE CAN'T BE ANY OTHER EXPLANATION...SHE MUST HAVE HAD ANOTHER OF THOSE BIG BRUTES ALONG WITH HER!



NO USE WONDERING HOW A SHOULDER WOUND KILLED COYOS...BUT WHY WOULD A GIRL LIKE LYCANA HAVE SUCH A QUEER PET IN THE FIRST PLACE? HER SUDDEN REFUSAL TO ENTER MY LIVING ROOM TONIGHT...THIS WHOLE BUSINESS ABOUT BURYING COYOS...THERE'S A LOT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT CHICK! FUNNY THAT THE LITTLE I DO KNOW ABOUT HER HAS GOTTEN ME IN BAD WITH GILDA...BUT I'LL LET HER COOL OFF UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT!



MEANWHILE--

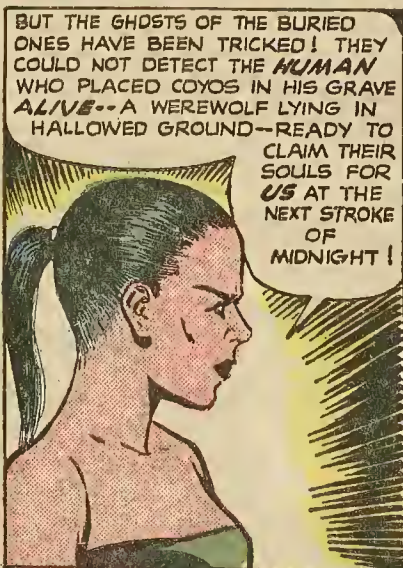
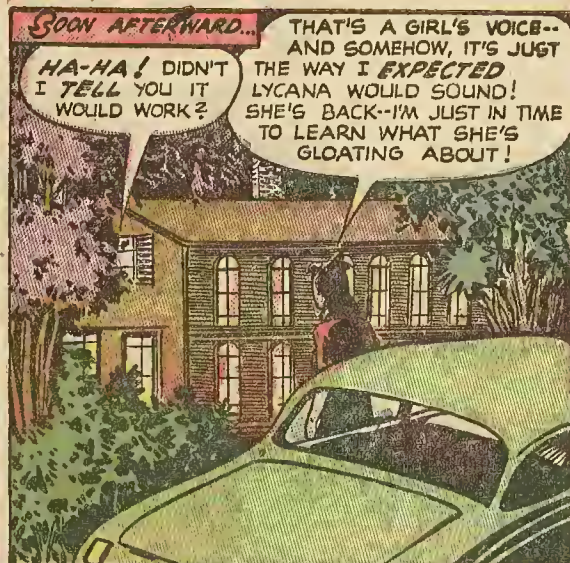
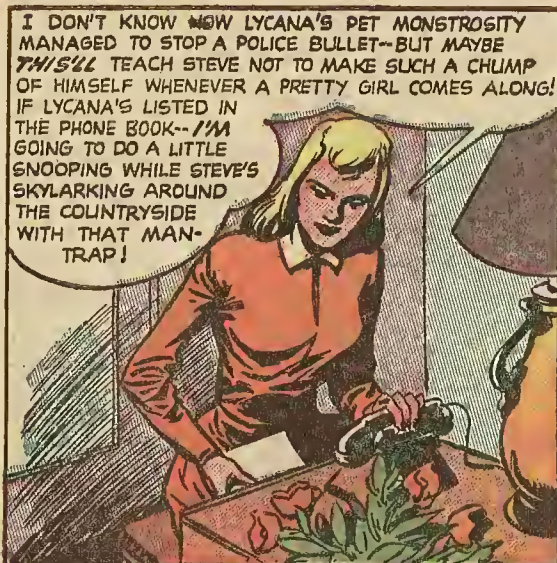
NEVER SAW YOU GET HOME THIS EARLY FROM A DATE, GILDA! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH A BOY FRIEND LIKE STEVE...A VET'S ALWAYS ON CALL!

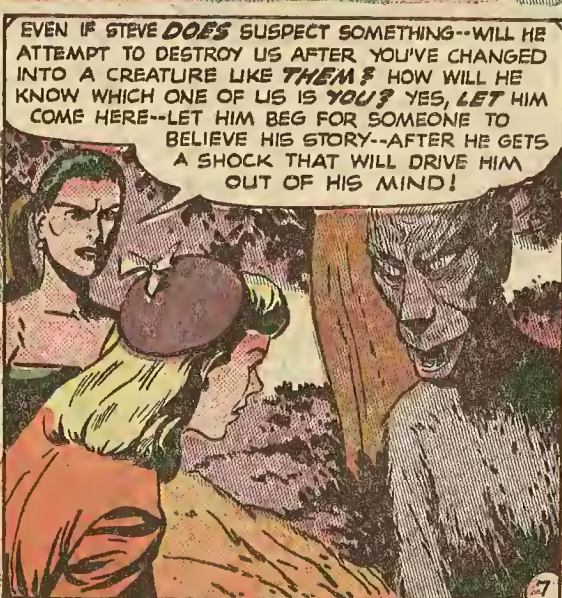
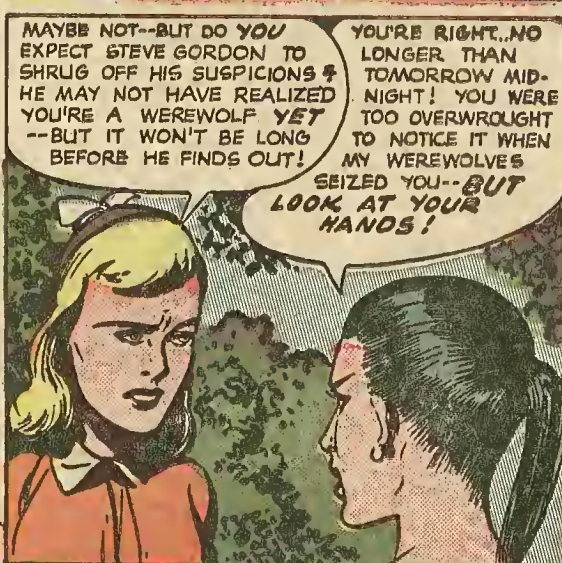
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN-- AND ADD THAT HE'S ONE VETERINARIAN WHO CAN GO TO THE DOGS!



WHERE'D YOU GET THAT? I WOULDN'T BE NOSY...EXCEPT THAT IT'S A SLUG FROM A POLICE 38 IF I EVER SAW ONE!

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU, CASSIDY...AND BESIDES, I'VE JUST REMEMBERED I'VE GOT SOMETHING AWFULLY IMPORTANT TO TAKE CARE OF!





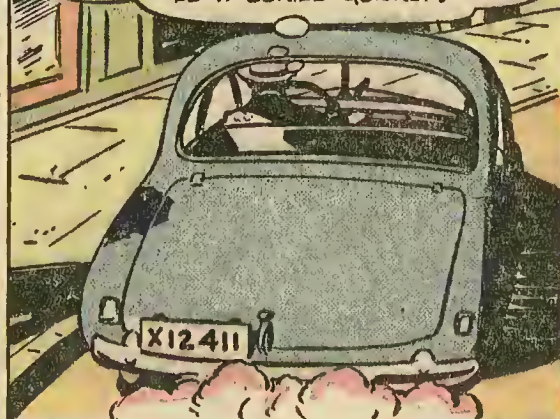
THE FOLLOWING EVENING--AS STEVE REACHES GILDA'S HOME--

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU--EVER SINCE GILDA SCOOTED OFF LAST NIGHT IN A GREAT RUSH! WHAT'S GOING ON BETWEEN YOU TWO, STEVE--AND WHAT ABOUT THAT SLUG FROM A POLICE .38 THAT DROPPED FROM GILDA'S BAG?

POLICE .38! HOLY SMOKE, CASSIDY--THAT EXPLAINS A LOT!



SUDDENLY--IT'S ALL CLEAR AS A BELL! LYCANA'S WOLF HAD **RABIES**--AND THAT WOUND MEANS IT'D BEEN SHOT BY A COP AFTER GOING ON A RAMPAGE! **THAT** EXPLAINS WHY IT DIED--AND WHY LYCANA WANTED IT BURIED QUICKLY!



SINCE LAST NIGHT, I'VE HAD A HUNCH THAT LYCANA OWNS OTHER WOLVES--AND SHE'S BEEN AFRAID THAT AN INVESTIGATION MIGHT SHOW THAT SOME OF **THEM** PICKED UP **RABIES** FROM COYOS! I COULD BE WRONG, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO PLAY SAFE--I'VE GOT TO DIG UP COYOS FOR AN EXAMINATION!



SOON AFTERWARD--IN THE GRIM STILLNESS OF STONY BROOK...

I'VE THE STRANGEST FEELING THAT THE WOLF'S BODY IS **MOVING** INSIDE THE BOX--BUT **THAT'S** PROBABLY JUST PART OF THE SPOOKINESS I FEEL ALL AROUND ME!



THEN--LIKE A CRACKLING BOLT OF LIVING TERROR...

YE GODS!



YOU HAVE BLUNDERED HERE BY CHANCE--BUT NO HUMAN IS GOING TO THWART LYCANA'S PLAN...AN HOUR BEFORE THE DEAD OF STONY BROOK ANSWER MY MIDNIGHT SUMMONS!

LYCANA'S PLAN! GOOD LORD, NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY

MY DOGS BAYED WILDLY JUST BEFORE SHE REACHED MY OFFICE...AND WHY SHE WOULDN'T ENTER THE LIVING-ROOM--WHEN THE THRESHOLD HAD BEEN TREATED WITH A CHEMICAL THAT REPELS ANIMALS!



YOU'LL UNDERSTAND **MORE** AFTER YOU DIE--AND JOIN GILDA ADAMS AS A WEREWOLF! I SAW IT ALL IN MY BURIED TRANCE--SAW HER TRY TO OUTWIT LYCANA--SAW HER **SEIZED**!





THERE IS THE FIEND WHOSE EVIL PRESENCE WE HAVE FELT IN THE EARTH THAT COVERS US!

THE HUMAN HAS SAVED US FROM THE MIDNIGHT CALL OF THE WEREWOLVES! HE IS BATTLING FOR US--WE MUST HELP HIM!



IN A SWIRLING MASS OF PHANTOM FURY--

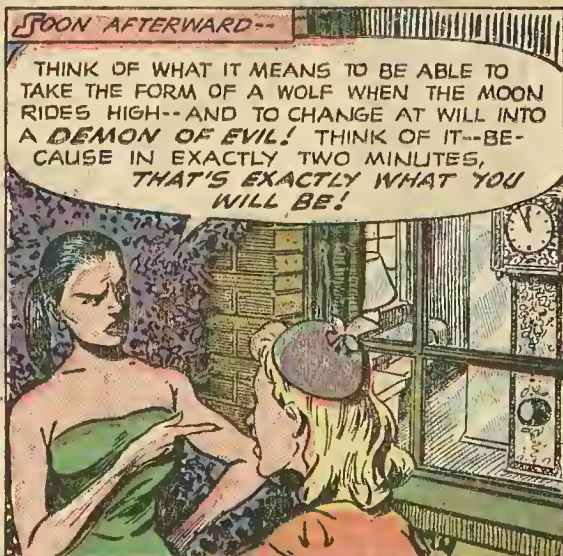
YARRGH!

GREAT GUNS! THEY'RE THE GHOSTS OF THE PEOPLE WHO WERE BURIED HERE--IN A GRAVEYARD FORGOTTEN BY TIME!



YOU'VE DESTROYED *THIS* FIEND--BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? THEY'VE GOT GILDA *SOMEWHERE*--AND BY MIDNIGHT SHE'LL BE TRAPPED FOREVER IN THE WORLD OF WEREWOLVES!

WE CAN SENSE THE WEREWOLF CURSE WAFTED ON THE NIGHT AIR--WE WILL LEAD YOU TO THEIR UNHOLY DEN!



SOON AFTERWARD--

THINK OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE ABLE TO TAKE THE FORM OF A WOLF WHEN THE MOON RIDES HIGH--AND TO CHANGE AT WILL INTO A *DEMON OF EVIL*! THINK OF IT--BECAUSE IN EXACTLY TWO MINUTES, *THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU WILL BE!*



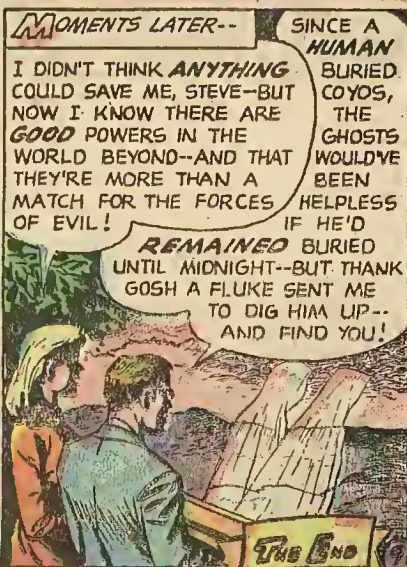
UNEXPECTEDLY--THE LAIR OF DOOM IS SWEEPED BY A CREST OF VIOLENCE!

AARRGH!

STEVE!

EVERYTHING'S O.K., HONEY! BETTER GET BACK--THIS WON'T BE A PRETTY SIGHT TO WATCH!

YAAGH!



MOMENTS LATER--

I DIDN'T THINK *ANYTHING* COULD SAVE ME, STEVE--BUT NOW I KNOW THERE ARE *GOOD* POWERS IN THE WORLD BEYOND--AND THAT THEY'RE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE FORCES OF EVIL!

SINCE A *HUMAN* BURIED COYOS, THE GHOSTS WOULD'VE BEEN HELPLESS IF HE'D

REMAINED BURIED UNTIL MIDNIGHT--BUT THANK GOSH A FLUKE SENT ME TO DIG HIM UP--AND FIND YOU!

THE END

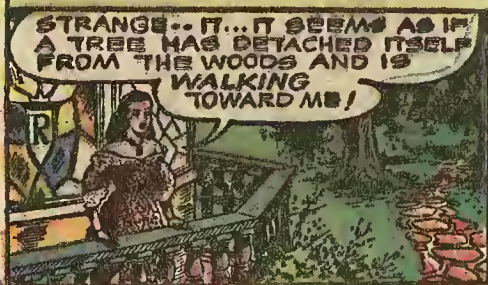
# "TRUE" TALES OF SORCERY ...The SAGA of the SORCERESS and the STAG...



ONE OF THE STRANGEST OF ALL "TRUE" TALES OF SORCERY THAT HAVE COME DOWN TO US THROUGH HISTORY IS THAT OF THE FOREST SORCERESS WHO IS SAID TO DWELL IN THE AUVERGNE WOODS IN HAUTE-LOIRE, FRANCE! IF YOU EVER VISIT THOSE WOODS, READER-- WATCH OUT FOR THE SORCERESS-- UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE TURNED INTO A STAG, THE WAY POOR HENRI ROCHETONNERE WAS!



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE LATTER PART OF THE 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY, DURING THE REIGN OF KING HENRY IV OF FRANCE! ONE DAY, WHEN THE COUNT DE LA ROCHETONNERE'S WIFE, HELOISE, WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE CHATEAU...



STRANGE-- IT... IT SEEMS AS IF A TREE HAS DETACHED ITSELF FROM THE WOODS AND IS WALKING TOWARD ME!

BUT AS THE "TREE" DREW NEARER...



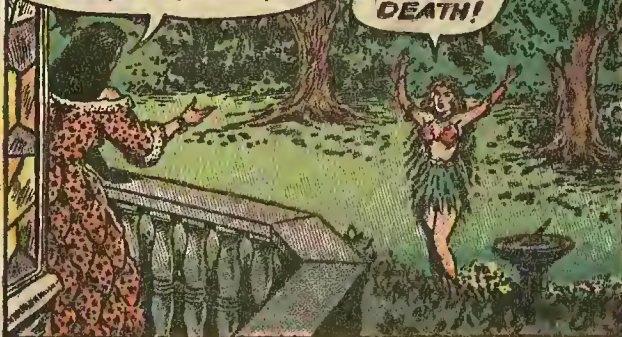
WHAT ARE YOU-- WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I AM THE SORCERESS OF THE HAUTE-LOIRE! THESE WOODS ARE MINE-- AND BECAUSE YOU HAVE DARED TO BUILD A HOUSE HERE, YOU MUST DIE! BUT I SHALL GRANT YOU ONE WISH BEFORE YOU DIE-- I CAN GRANT ANYTHING BUT LIFE!



MY WISH? MY HUSBAND WANTS A BOY-- SO LET MY FIRST CHILD BE A BOY! AND NOW BEGONE WITH YOU-- RETURN TO YOUR FOREST!

YOUR WISH SHALL BE GRANTED-- AND IT SHALL BE YOUR DEATH!



THE SORCERESS' PREDICTION CAME TRUE, FOR THE COMTESSE DIED A FEW HOURS AFTER THE BIRTH OF HER SON, HENRI! HENRI WAS A STRANGELY WILD AND UNFETTERED YOUTH, WHOSE GREATEST JOY WAS TO CAVORT LIKE A WILD ANIMAL IN THE WOODS!



BY THIS TIME, THE COMTE DE LA ROCHETONNIERE HAD MARRIED STEPHANIE DE ST. CROIX--WHO LOVED THE WILD HENRI AS IF HE WERE HER OWN SON...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, MOTHER! WHEN I'M IN THE FOREST, I'M PART OF IT-- I'M A STAG, LIKE THIS!

HE DOES HAVE SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A STAG-- THOSE LARGE LIQUID, VIOLET-BROWN EYES!

THEN, ONE DAY, AFTER HENRI CAME OF AGE...

PIERRE, YOU SHALL ACCOMPANY ME ON MY HUNT TO BRING DOWN THE STAG KNOWN AS OLD SATAN! I HAVE MET HIM MANY TIMES IN THE WOODS, AND HE HAS ALWAYS IGNORED ME WHEN I CHALLENGED HIM TO A RACE! HE THINKS I AM NOT HIS EQUAL-- BUT I WILL PROVE I AM MIGHTIER THAN HE IS WHEN I KILL HIM!

BUT OLD SATAN IS SAID TO BELONG TO THE FOREST SORCERESS!

BUT HENRI LAUGHED AWAY THE HUNTSMAN'S CAUTIONS-- AND THAT DAY...

THERE'S OLD SATAN!

LOOK OUT! THE FOREST SORCERESS COMES!

STOP!

THE... THE SPEAR WENT RIGHT THROUGH HER--

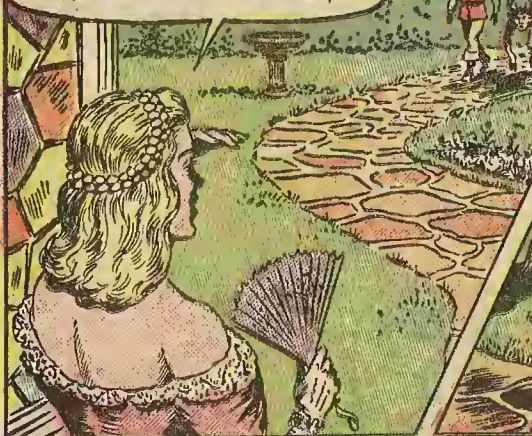
YES, BUT IT HIT MY STAG-- AND FOR THAT YOU SHALL PAY, HENRI ROCHETONNIERE! SINCE YOU WISHED TO RACE AND COMPETE WITH MY STAGS IN THE FOREST-- YOU SHALL NOW BECOME ONE!

AAGHHH!

MON DIEU!

HOURS LATER, BACK AT THE CHATEAU...

ARE MY EYES DECEIVING ME?  
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME IS  
THAT STRANGE CREATURE  
AT PIERRE'S SIDE?

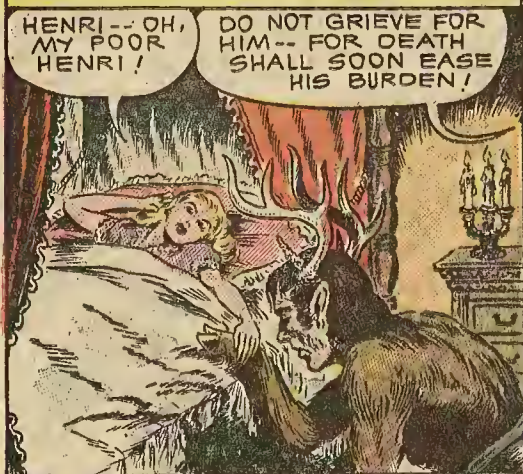


HENRI APPROACHED, TRIED TO RAISE HIS HEAD  
UNDER THE GREAT WEIGHT OF THE ANTLERS--  
AND LOOKED PITEOUSLY UP AT THE COMTESSE...



IT... IT'S  
HENRI!  
OHNNNNNN!

THE SHOCK PROVED TO BE TOO GREAT  
FOR THE COMTESSE'S HEART--  
AND ON HER DEATHBED...



HENRI-- OH,  
MY POOR  
HENRI!

DO NOT GRIEVE FOR  
HIM-- FOR DEATH  
SHALL SOON EASE  
HIS BURDEN!

I WILL NOT GRANT ANY WISH OF YOURS,  
COMTE HENRI, BEFORE YOU DIE! BUT TO  
YOU, COMTESSE, I GRANT ONE WISH--

YOU... YOU DID THIS  
TO HENRI! I... I  
ONLY WISH THAT I  
MAY SEE HIM AS  
A MAN AGAIN  
BEFORE I DIE!

ANY WISH BUT  
THAT OF LIFE!



OHNNNNNN!

BY THE TIME THE SORCESS  
TURNED AWAY, HENRI WAS  
ENTIRELY HUMAN AGAIN--  
BUT BOTH HE AND THE  
COMTESSE WERE DEAD...



BUT TO THIS DAY-- IT IS SAID  
THAT IN THE EVENINGS, THE  
FIGURE OF AN ANTLERED,  
HOOFED HUMAN CAN BE  
SEEN HAUNTING THE  
CHATEAU, RUNNING TO  
AND FRO TO THE AC-  
COMPANIMENT OF HALF-  
HUMAN, HALF-  
ANIMAL SOBBS!



THE END



EVERYONE'S HEARD ABOUT HUMANS BEING HAUNTED BY GHOSTS...BUT HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A GHOST BEING HAUNTED BY SOME OTHER DEMONICAL DENIZEN OF THE UNKNOWN, FORBIDDEN REALMS? WELL, HERE'S A SHUDDERY, SPINE-CHILLING TALE OF JUST SUCH A CASE...IN WHICH A HAUNTED GHOST GETS TWO INNOCENT HUMANS CAUGHT IN THE MONSTROUS TENTACLES OF A FIEND FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION!



I...I'VE GOT TO  
ESCAPE FROM IT,  
WHATEVER IT IS  
...I'VE GOT TO!



AN OPEN WINDOW!  
I'LL TAKE REFUGE  
IN HERE!



OH!!



HELP!

WAIT---DON'T BE AFRAID OF ME! I WON'T HURT YOU!

NANCY--- I HEARD YOUR SCREAM FROM MY APARTMENT! WHAT'S WRONG?

OH, PHIL--- THERE'S A GHOST IN MY ROOM!

DON'T TAKE ME BACK IN THERE---IT--- IT WAS AWFUL!

BUT DARLING, THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS---YOU WERE JUST HAVING A NIGHTMARE! YOU CAN TAKE THE WORD OF YOUR FIANCEE THAT THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF HERE!

YES, YOU SHOULDN'T BE AFRAID OF ME!



IT--- IT'S HIM!

YOU--- YOU'RE REAL! WHO--- OR WHAT--- ARE YOU?

JUST A GHOST FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION---AND ALL I WANT IS TO REMAIN IN YOUR PRESENCE FOR A WHILE!

YOU SEE, MOST SPIRITS ARE CONTENT TO STAY IN THE SPIRIT WORLD---BECAUSE IT'S A GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL WORLD, WITHOUT ANY PROBLEMS! THERE ARE ONLY TWO TYPES OF GHOSTS WHO WANT TO RETURN TO THE COMPARATIVE UGLINESS OF EARTH---THOSE WHO SEEK REVENGE FOR THEIR DEATHS, AND THOSE WHO GET LONELY FOR THE SIGHT OF MORTAL BEAUTY! I AM ONE OF THE FEW LONELY ONES---AND IF YOU LET ME STAY HERE AND GAZE UPON THE BEAUTY OF YOUR FACE FOR A WHILE, NANCY, I WILL TELL YOU AND YOUR FIANCEE HOW TO GET ALL THE MONEY YOU WANT!



MONEY? NOW?

GHOSTS ARE TIMELESS, AS WELL AS BODYLESS---AND MY MIND CAN TRAVEL EASILY THROUGH TIME AND FIND OUT WHO WILL WIN TOMORROW'S HORSE RACES, OR WHICH STOCKS WILL GO UP ON THE EXCHANGE! YOU CAN MAKE A FORTUNE WITH THAT INFORMATION!

WE--WE DO NEED SOME MONEY TO GET MARRIED OH, PHIL--AND IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE!

YES, IT ALL SOUNDS REASONABLE ENOUGH--SO I THINK WE'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE! WHEN THE STOCK MARKET OPENS AT 9 IN THE MORNING, WE'LL FIND OUT WHETHER THIS SPECTER CAN PRODUCE!



At 9 O'CLOCK--

NOW LET ME PROJECT MY MIND INTO THE FUTURE--AMM, AT 9:15, INTERNATIONAL RUBIDIUM WILL ANNOUNCE A STOCK SPLITTING PLAN--AND THAT WILL MAKE ITS STOCK RISE 12 POINTS WITHIN AN HOUR!

12 POINTS--NOW I'LL CALL A STOCKBROKER FRIEND OF MINE AND HAVE HIM BUY A THOUSAND SHARES ON MARGIN FOR ME! BUT IT'LL TAKE EVERY CENT I'VE SAVED UP--SO YOUR TIP BETTER BE RIGHT!



AN HOUR LATER--

PHIL, YOU LUCKY DOG--INTERNATIONAL RUBIDIUM IS UP 12 POINTS--YOU JUST MADE \$12,000! WHAT KIND OF AN OUT-OF-THE-WORLD TIP DID YOU GET?

TELL HIM TO SELL--THE STOCK WON'T BE GOING UP ANY MORE!



TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS--YIPPEE!

WAIT, THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING! LET ME CONCENTRATE ON THE FUTURE--AH, NOW I SEE IT! AT PALMETTO TRACK THIS AFTERNOON, DOLDRUMS WILL WIN THE FIRST RACE AT 30-1, WHIPPING BOY WILL WIN THE SECOND AT 8-5, MOLASSES WILL WIN THE THIRD AT 10-1--



HELLO, MIKE--PHIL CHAPMAN TALKING! LISTEN CAREFULLY, MIKE--YOU'RE THE ONLY FRIEND I CAN COMPLETELY TRUST! I WANT YOU TO GO UP TO THE NICHOLSON STOCK BROKERAGE COMPANY AND PICK UP \$12,000 CASH THEY OWE ME! THEN GO OUT TO PALMETTO TRACK AND BET ALL THE MONEY ON THE FOLLOWING HORSES--DOLDRUMS, WHIPPING BOY, MOLASSES--

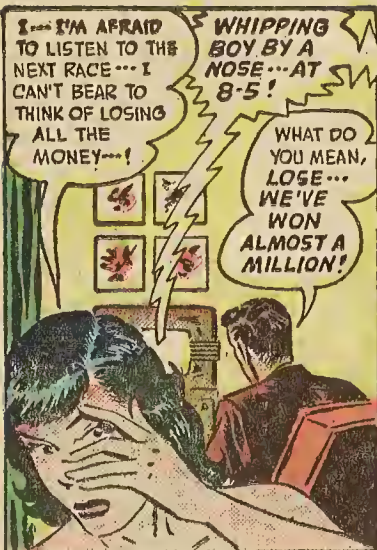
COME ON, DOLDRUMS--COME ON, DOL--!

THE WINNAN--DOLDRUMS, AT 30-1!

WE... WE'RE RICH! WE'VE GOT \$372,000!

WHEW--YOU'RE SURE TAKING A CHANCE ON THOSE LONG SHOTS, PHIL--BUT I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY!





I--- I'M AFRAID  
TO LISTEN TO THE  
NEXT RACE--- I  
CAN'T BEAR TO  
THINK OF LOSING  
ALL THE  
MONEY---!

WHIPPING  
BOY BY A  
NOSE--- AT  
8-5!

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN,  
LOSE---  
WE'VE  
WON  
ALMOST A  
MILLION!



THE WINNER  
OF THE THIRD  
RACE--- MOLASSES  
--- PAYING 10-1!

YAHOOOO---  
WE'RE MULTI-  
MILLIONAIRES!

OH, PHIL,  
I-I DON'T  
KNOW  
WHETHER  
TO LAUGH  
OR CRY--  
IT'S ALL  
SO FAN-  
TASTIC!



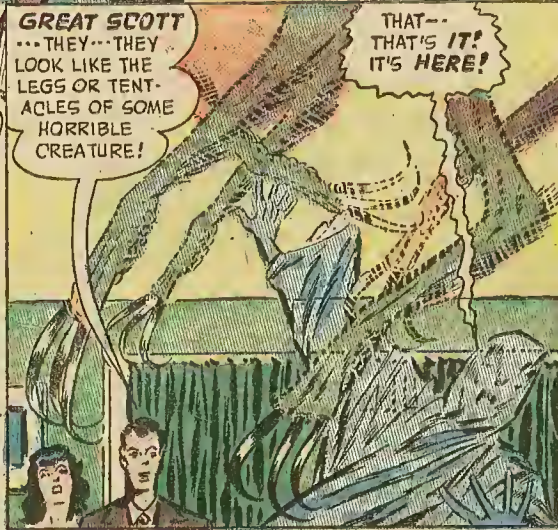
ALL OUR WORRIES  
ARE OVER, DARLING!  
COME ON, LET'S RUSH  
DOWN TO CITY HALL  
AND GET THAT  
MARRIAGE  
LICENSE!

STOP--- YOU  
CAN'T LEAVE!  
IT ISN'T HERE  
YET!



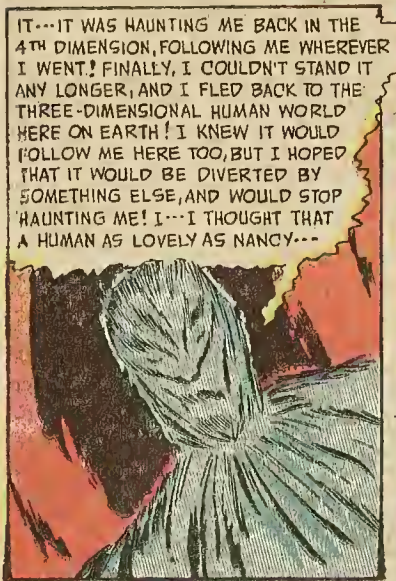
WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT? IF YOU THINK  
YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP US  
PRISONERS HERE FOR THE  
REST OF OUR LIVES, YOU'RE  
CRAZY AS---

WAIT---WHAT---  
WHAT'S **THAT** COM-  
ING DOWN THROUGH  
THE CEILING?

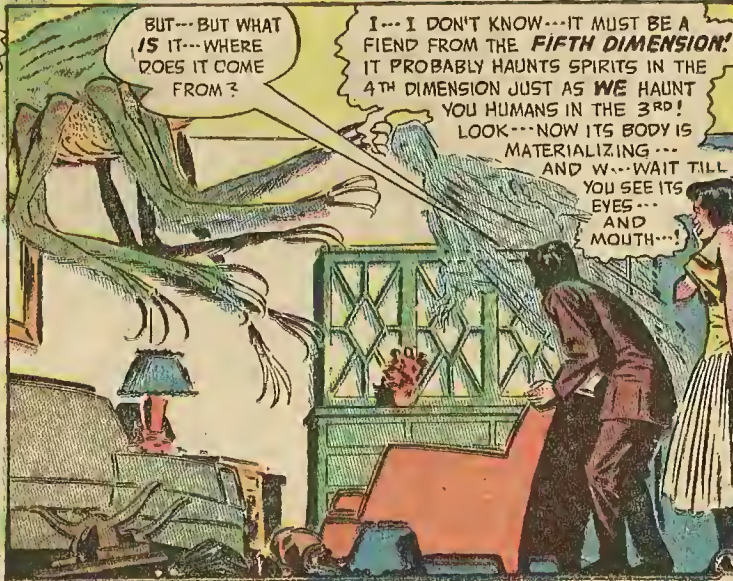


GREAT SCOTT  
---THEY---THEY  
LOOK LIKE THE  
LEGS OR TENT-  
ACLES OF SOME  
HORRIBLE  
CREATURE!

THAT--  
THAT'S IT!  
IT'S HERE!

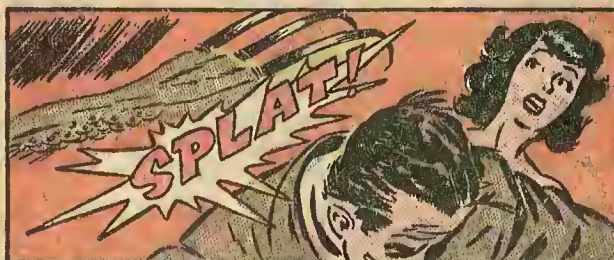


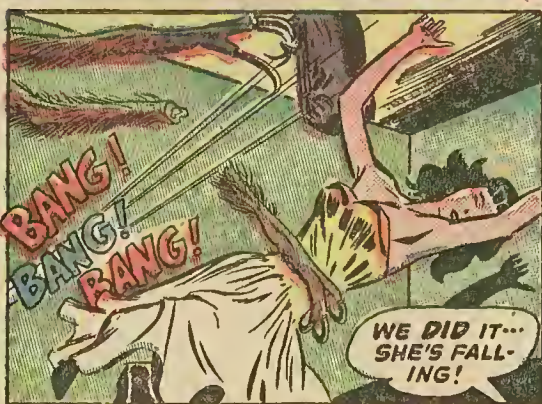
IT---IT WAS HAUNTING ME BACK IN THE  
4TH DIMENSION, FOLLOWING ME WHEREVER  
I WENT! FINALLY, I COULDN'T STAND IT  
ANY LONGER, AND I FLED BACK TO THE  
THREE-DIMENSIONAL HUMAN WORLD  
HERE ON EARTH! I KNEW IT WOULD  
FOLLOW ME HERE TOO, BUT I HOPED  
THAT IT WOULD BE DIVERTED BY  
SOMETHING ELSE, AND WOULD STOP  
HAUNTING ME! I---I THOUGHT THAT  
A HUMAN AS LOVELY AS NANCY---



BUT---BUT WHAT  
IS IT---WHERE  
DOES IT COME  
FROM?

I--- I DON'T KNOW---IT MUST BE A  
FIEND FROM THE **FIFTH DIMENSION!**  
IT PROBABLY HAUNTS SPIRITS IN THE  
4TH DIMENSION JUST AS **WE** HAUNT  
YOU HUMANS IN THE 3RD!  
LOOK---NOW ITS BODY IS  
MATERIALIZING---  
AND W---WAIT TILL  
YOU SEE ITS  
EYES---  
AND  
MOUTH---





# Draw me!



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● Please enter my attached drawing in your October drawing contest.  
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

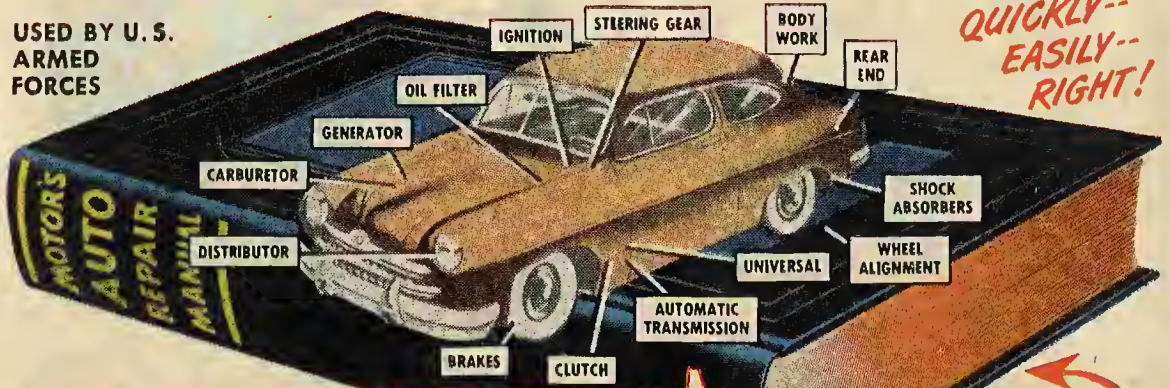
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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_

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